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Sheriff's Sale.
KENNEBEC ss: Taken on execution, wherein Mrs. A. Hallowell, in the county of Kennebec, is creditor, and Hallowell, in the county of Kennebec, co-partners under the firm name of Day & Co., are creditors, and S. Edwin Ladd, Sheriff of said county, has sold and called Samuel E. Longfellow, of said Hallowell, is debtor, and will sell at public auction on the first day of Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of January, A. D. 1890, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Jones & Leigh, in said Augusta, in said county, the following described real estate, and all the right, title and interest which the said S. Edwin Longfellow has in and to the same, to wit:
A certain lot or parcel of land situated in Hallowell, in the county of Kennebec, bounded and described as follow, viz: Beginning on the northerly side of the road leading from Hallowell to Manchester, at the southeasterly corner of land of J. G. Cummings; thence running northeasterly twenty rods; thence running southerly eight and one-half rods to a stake and stones in the northerly line of said Cummings land; thence southwesterly on said road westerly nineteen and one-half rods, to the point begun at, containing one-half acre, more or less, with the building thereon standing, and being the same premises described in a deed by John L. Longfellow to said Samuel E. Longfellow, dated October 31, 1868, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, Book 379, Page 353.
Dated this 15th day of December, A. D. 1889.
WM. H. LIBBY, *Deputy Sheriff.*
3161

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of December, 1889.*
MARY SMITH, widow of JOSEPH W. SMITH, late of Windsor, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for administration out of the personal estate of said deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of January next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
6w

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of December, 1889.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of SAMUEL FAUGHT, late of Sidney, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of January next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
6w

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of December, 1889.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of HIRAM H. HILL, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of January next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
6w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix on the estate of HIRAM WORTHING late of China, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
PEMBROKE S. WORTHING.
Nov. 25, 1889. 6w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber on the estate of JARED H. WOODWARD, late of Litchfield, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make
Dec. 9, 1889. E. W. WHITEHOUSE.

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VOL. LVIII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1890. NO. 8.

Arocstook beats the world in raising potatoes.

The apple market continues firm with the supply short. Eastern cities are largly supplied with Western apples.

"Spring lambs," thirty to forty days old were on sale in the Christmas market at New York and brought $10 to $13 each.

The State Board of Agriculture will hold its annual meeting at the Secretary's office at the State House, Wednesday, and Thursday January 15-16.

Somebody tells the story of a farmer who sold fatting cattle and invested the money in one hundred ewes. Wise man, if he will but do his best with the sheep. There is no better stock than good ewes properly attended to.

At a farmers' convention to be held at Hanover, N. H., this week, under the joint auspices of the State college experiment station and the board of agriculture, B. W. McKeen, Z. A. Gilbert and Dr. G. M. Twitchell of this State, are announced as speakers.

The Secretary of the New Hampshire State Grange reports 107 active subordinate Granges, with a membership of 7,500, a gain of 922 members during the year. Seven new Granges have been organized. Vermont reports one new Grange organized. Massachusetts has a membership of 7,618, a gain for the year of 1351. Maine leads 'em all with her 17,000 membership.

Some of the dairy journals have had sweet cream butter on the boards for a week or two, and now have already begun to talk of acid cream butter as "loaded with the smell of decomposition." This is getting along pretty fast for those who never before knew of butter made from sweet cream. However, there are many consumers that don't yet smell it in that way.

The shortage of the apple crop in sections of New England and in York State leaves an opening for western grown fruit, and large quantities have come forward to eastern markets. Had it not been for this western supply there would have been but small surplus for export. It is only when *all* the apple-producing sections of the country have a crop at the same time that the experience of last year is possible.

The Connecticut board of Agriculture, at its recent annual winter meeting, had a woman, Miss Elaine Goodale, on its programme for an evening lecture. This is getting ahead of her more pretentious neighbor, Massachusetts, where it could hardly be said that women were to be seen in the audience. Can Worthington Grange warm the Massachusetts board of agriculture up to the idea of encouraging the attendance of women on its deliberations?

The selection by the State Grange of Prof. I. O. Winslow of St. Albans, as its representative on the board of control of the college experiment station, was a wise movement. Prof. Winslow is an educator of large experience, and retiring to a farm as he has, is naturally intensely interested in all measures designed to give a fuller knowledge of this foundation of all prosperity. He ought to be promoted to the full powers of a trustee.

At the Vermont State Grange a resolution was passed favoring a committee to visit and investigate the Agricultural college of that State. This shows a growing disposition on the part of farmers to carefully look after their own affairs. Whom shall we expect to manifest an interest in these matters if not the farmers? The State Master in his address also claimed that the farmers should have a fair representation on the board of trustees.

A *Country Gentleman* correspondent makes small work of destroying rats. This is his way:
"Fill a barrel one-third full of bran and water, mix stiff enough to hold a rat on it; let them feed a couple of nights, then make them at other mess in the same barrel (after emptying first lot) in same place, but make this most all water. When one jumps in, down goes Mr. Rat, and the next, not knowing his brother's bad luck, follows suit. In the morning the barrel will be full, if the rat supply holds out."

Is it "enterprise?" If so the *Farmer*, wants no hand in it. A California paper at hand referring to a banquet given to members of the National Grange, on the occasion of their recent visit to that State, gives the names of three representatives from Maine at the banquet who were at that time sitting quietly at home before their own firesides; and goes on to quote bucombe from each gentleman's speech in glorification of the wonderful State then banqueting them. What do we read papers for?

The following trial between gluten meal and cotton seed meal is reported by Prof. Whitcher of the New Hampshire Station in the *N. E. Homestead*:
Four Jersey cows owned by C. H. Hazen of Hartford, Vt., have been fed on a ration in which gluten and cotton seed meals were compared pound for pound. The average daily yield on cotton seed was 14.76 lbs. of milk, and on gluten, 14·40 lbs. The average fat in milk from cotton seed was 5.36 per cent; from gluten 5.31 per cent. The difference was so slight as to be of no account, and not greater than might have been the case if the food had been identical.

As we announced last week, Mr. E. A. Moore of Machiasport, has been elected member of the Board of Agriculture for Washington County in place of Mr. D. W. Campbell, Cherryfield, whose term has expired. Mr. Moore comes from the Washington Central Society, which has never before had a representation on the board. He is one of the best farmers in the county, and interested and active in everything intended to promote the interests of agriculture. Mr. Campbell, the retiring member, has won the respect and esteem of his associates for his zealous attention to his duties and for the able and business-like manner in which they were performed.

The cheese factory at North Turner has continued to do a good business each year, since first started, notwithstanding there is a butter factory in the same town. The make of the last season was 81,000 pounds. In all there has been made a million and a half pounds at this factory, all by Mr. Ira Mason. Nine pounds of milk has made a pound of cheese green weight. The making cost one and a quarter cents a pound, and this pays a handsome dividend on the capital stock. In '87 patrons were paid $1.15 a hundred for their milk the season through. There are a few cheese factories with so good a record.

The Winterport cheese factory is prosperous. The stockholders at their annual meeting Dec. 10, elected the following officers: President, R. G. Campbell; Secretary and Treasurer, A. F. Carleton; Directors, R. G. Campbell, J. W. Carleton, A. F. Carleton. The factory has manufactured 218,273 pounds of milk into cheese during the past season, which amount is an increase of twenty-five per cent. over all former seasons. Of the milk furnished, J. W. Carleton contributed 17,882 pounds; John Cole, 16,935; Martin Colson, 16,686; J. H. Carleton, 15,085; C. A. Colson, 14,-931; E. S. Cole, 12,524; S. Cole, 11,507. The best paying herd was that of E. S. Cole, whose four cows for one hundred and forty-five days gave the sum of $121.73.

There are lots of experimenters at work on the problem of testing the butter production of milk, and so far without conclusions on which all hands can agree, as is seen by the valued communication from one of the investigators in the issue of the *Farmer* of last week. Amid the confusion of testimony, hitherto it has been difficult to determine who was an honest searcher after truth, and who was booming a patent device in which he was interested. It is pretty certain, however, that we shall some time know more about milk and its contents than we now do. In the application to dairy work of a knowledge of milk contents it is becoming quite sure that the test of a cow to-day will not answer for the milk of to-morrow. Experimenters have spent time enough already on that line of work. How can the value for butter making and cheese making of the milk of a herd be determined, is the question to be solved. There are many complications to it.

Agriculture in the Common Schools.

Prominent educators among us have for a long time recognized a serious defect in the course of study in the common schools of the country, in that the study of the natural sciences is almost entirely and in many cases quite ignored. Public attention has been from time to time called to the matter, and the defects of our system, or rather lack of system, dwelt upon, but without enlisting public attention. Particularly has it been claimed that in a farming community, where the scholars are constantly surrounded by works of nature in their myriad forms, the elements of the sciences relating to agriculture should claim a share of attention in the common schools. But public teachers obey the demands of those whom they serve, and do not shape public opinion. Any radical change must come from the parents of the children in the schools, so the scholars must go on grinding over their arithmetic, algebra and geography or take to the Greek or Latin as so many of them do, and the natural sciences remain unknown. It is altogether probable that more students would find their tastes leading them to the colleges of agriculture were their attention directed in these channels in their earlier years.

To make this desirable change the people, more than the educators, must demand it. And to even make a start, text books must be available for use by the schools. The Somerset Pomona Grange, under the lead of two prominent farmer-educators, Prof. I. O. Winslow and Mr. M. L. Merrill, both of St. Albans, have taken hold of this problem in earnest and with a full comprehension of what is needed in the matter. The matter has been under consideration at several of their meetings in the county, and resulted in their bringing it before the State Grange at Belfast for broader effect and further action. Prof. Winslow is the superintendent of schools in the town of St. Albans, but he realizes that however much of interest may be awakened, he, nor any one else, cannot put the elementary study of agriculture into the schools without books for teaching it. So while cultivating public sentiment, text books must be provided. The matter was referred to the committee on agriculture, who subsequently made the excellent report published in the *Farmer* of last week, and further moved the raising of a committee of three to pursue the matter and take measures to procure, if possible, the publication of suitable text books, that one branch of study at least pursued at school shall have direct references to the occupation of farming. The matter met the cordial response of the State Grange, and Prof. I. O. Winslow of St. Albans, Z. A. Gilbert, No. Greene, and E. H. Gregory, Bangor, were appointed that committee. This committee subsequently held a meeting and took measures to carry on the work placed in their hands.

This movement is an important one, and the parties backing it up no doubt mean business. While starting here in this State it should take a wider range and receive the attention and the co-operation of other State Granges as well. It is a matter too long overlooked, and now that it has been taken in hand by those directly concerned, it should be pushed with energy wherever there are children on the farm to educate. Shall we have agriculture in the common schools? Who seconds the motion?

The Potato Trade.

The fact so often claimed by the *Farmer* that no great shortage of any staple product unless of a perishable nature, is now possible, is being verified in the potato supply of eastern cities the present winter. The shortage of the crop in New England and New York is easily filled from other sections. Already several hundred barrels of new potatoes have been received at New York by steamer, from Bermuda, and the same week of the receipt of the first shipment from that quarter, a Glasgow steamer landed 2000 sacks, three bushels each, of the Scotch Magnum Bonum. The week following imports from abroad were: Liverpool, 1328 bags, Bremen 401, Hull 1835, Stettin 2941, Glasgow 693, Hamburg 697 and Rotterdam 343.

A new departure in the potato supply is the large receipts from the west. Heretofore there has been little trade from that quarter with this product. This year however they are coming forward freely. A few days ago a Boston firm received a shipment of twelve carloads by express freight from Minnesota. The lot came through in six days in nice order, in warm cars, and sold for sixty cents a bushel. If the market holds firm it is probable that other arrivals from that distant section will follow.

Notwithstanding all this, trade has been lively at the various shipping points in Aroostook county, and prices are good. Recent advices from there state that on every road leading to the stations, teams are to be seen every day in the week loaded with potatoes, and still the supply holds out and prices hold good.

Right here is an advantage that every section of New England has over these distant supplies;—her products find a market within her borders, and can get there in fresh condition, and always will command the top prices. This advantage can never be taken away from her, and there will be room for all we can produce. All this is being verified by present experience.

Perfect Butter.

At the annual meeting of the New York State dairymen's association, recently held at Ithaca, a paper was read by Wm. H. Gilbert of Richland, a noted dairy authority and practical dairyman, on Perfect Butter, a condensed report of which we take from the *Tribune*:
Butter is an article of food that is almost indespensable to every family in the land, and while there is upward of 100,000,000 pounds made annually in the Empire State, not one-third of it reaches the market in fit condition to be used as food. The causes for this state of things are various, one of which is the production of so much butter in early summer that it is held for higher prices; another is trying to make butter from the milk of poorly fed cows; another is the lack of proper care of even the poor milk. There are a few general rules to be observed in the production of fine butter; first, a good healthy cow, one that will convert her food into milk rich in butter fats; secondly, all the ingredients of the food used assimilate; all that the cow cannot use in the manufacture of milk and the salt she wants. She should be milked regularly and always kindly treated, and never introduced to a dog. In winter she should be housed in a warm, light, clean, well-ventilated stable; fed regularly, and kept clean. The udder should be brushed before milking. The milker should have clean, dry hands, and use only tin pails. Each milker should always milk the same cows; as a change often excites the cow and tends to lessen the quality and quantity of her milk. The milk should be strained as soon as drawn from the cow and set for creaming as soon as possible. For cold setting it should be set at or near normal temperature, 98 degrees, and then cooled below 50 degrees, and not lower than 40 degrees. To the viscous milk of winter should be added 12 to 15 per cent. of water before the milk is set, and that should be added at a temperature high enough to keep the milk at 98 degrees till set. As soon as the cream is taken from the milk it should be covered so as to exclude the air, and be kept at or near the temperature of 45 degrees until you have enough for a churning. Cold cream exposed to the air for even a few minutes will absorb any foul odors in the room. Fifteen minutes' exposure will often injure a churning of butter. As soon as you have cream enough for a churning, it should be warmed up to 75 or 80 degrees in winter and kept where the temperature will not go below 60 degrees, and should be stirred frequently during the day. Cream manipulated in this way should ripen in twenty-four hours. Sweet or partially ripened cream should never be added to ripe cream, as the result is a loss often of 20 to 25 per cent. I do not consider cream ripe until it begins to coagulate, and when agitated has a smooth, glossy appearance. Ripening cream is one of the most important parts of the work of butter-making, and much butter is lost and spoiled by the careless operator. If you churn the cream before it is ripe the butter lacks flavor and keeping qualities and the product is diminished. If your cream is overripe you are liable to have a sour churning of butter, and also a loss. When churned at the proper time you not only get a fine flavored butter but obtain practically all the butter. Cream ripened at a temperature below 60 degrees is liable to be bitter. All the implements used in the dairy should be kept scrupulously clean. A sour, musty churn, a greasy butter-worker, cans and pails with a yellow, greasy gum along the seams—all these help to injure the quality of the butter. The churn should be stopped the moment the butter appears. Add a pail of cold brine, agitate the churn a little, then let it stand until the butter rises. Carefully draw off the butter-milk, using a hair sieve to prevent loss of butter. Then finish by adding water and drawing off till the buttermilk is washed out. Salt should be stirred in thoroughly while the butter is in granules. I think butter should be fitted for market as soon as possible after it is churned. I work butter only once, using none but the finest salt. This is an age of progress. We must study our business and improve our methods so as to excel in the quality of our product and limit the cost of production.

Present Status of Grange Work.

In the history of the order in Maine there has never been a time when so much attention has been given to the public utterances of those who voice the sentiments of the patrons, as within the past few weeks. The late session of the State Grange was marked by a spirit of devotion and enthusiasm. While a secret organization, very much of the work accomplished was of public interest. Throughout the press only favorable comments have been noticed. The Portland Press, one of the most candid of all the State dailies, calls attention in the following to what, on the surface, seems to be a point worthy of criticism:

"The State Grange, in its resolutions adopted at the Belfast meeting, regrets the tendency among the boys to leave the farm for some other occupation, and suggests various methods to check it. The remedies are well enough so far as they go, but they do not entirely reach the seat of the disease. Many of the boys leave the farm when they get to be their own men" simply because it has been drilled into them in that most impressive of all teachers, experience, from their earliest recollection, that farming is not much better than penal servitude. As long as farm work is such that boys get big enough to stand it, they are set to work and kept at work from morning till night. Holidays are almost unknown, or at least exceedingly rare, and opportunities for education are scarcely to be had. However the boys demur at this kind of treatment, they are told that farming yields such poor returns that everybody on the farm as soon as he gets big enough to walk steadily, must be set to work, and keep to work, the alternative being starvation or the poor house. Brought up with these ideas of farming in his head, it is not strange that the boy, as soon as his freedom day arrives, turns his face from the farm and away to the city. Of course this picture of farm life has many exceptions, but it correctly portrays a great many cases. If the Grange can devise some means to change the drift of life of the farmer boy more attractive, can relieve it of the monotony of constant and laborious toil, can inject into it some of the recreations and amusements which city boys enjoy, there will not be so much cause to complain of the flight from the farm. But it will be no use to set the boy to reading poems on the beauties of pastoral life or disquisitions on the inporableness or the healthfulness of farming. Nor will the tribute that Washington paid to agriculture have much effect upon him. What he needs is a fair chance, and that is what, oftentimes, he does not get."

The truth of the position here taken, we do not propose to question. Had the able editor, who grew up on a farm, been present and listened to the discussion which followed the presentation of the resolutions, he would have been satisfied that the same solution was aimed at as is here alluded to. Unfortunately the remarks of the patrons have not been made public. It is equally unfortunate that the published resolutions criticise without offering a complete solution for the recognized evils. This has applied with far more force in years past than today.

The Grange *is* devising means for rendering the home life of the farmer more attractive. It *is* pledged to the most active efforts to brighten the path of duty by opening the way for the cultivation of the social qualities.

It is slowly but surely doing its work of arousing farmers to the importance of providing recreation for the children as well as themselves. In fact in no other field is the order accomplishing more than in demonstrating the fact that by taking a few hours weekly or fortnightly and mingling with others in active Grange work, better results are secured on the farm than otherwise would be possible. It is not thought to be lost time, but most valuable of all. Fresh energies are stored, higher aspirations awakened, the ruts of habit broken up, and a warmer atmosphere let in to all the avenues of farm life and thought. This is being seen in many directions. Towards this the line of work has been turned and sure results are already manifest.

The work of the late State Grange, so far as education and taxation are concerned, was entirely satisfactory to all, and the measures inaugurated will be carried through by those on whom the responsibility now rests.

The labors of the coming year will be to emphasize that has already been so well begun, to strengthen every agency looking to the betterment of farm homes and lives, and those on whom this duty will fall are one and all devoted to the work of encouraging and aiding the young people, and doing what they may to sweeten the home life on the farm.
G. M. TWITCHELL.

"Gehenna in the Rear."

The hollyhock is my pride. I do not know a finer plant, all in all, than this malvaceous giant. It stands on my lawn in at least fifty distinct shades of color—from black and red to yellow and white. Everybody enjoys them, and visitors drive ten miles to examine them, and ask for seeds. Our farm grounds should be wonderfully beautiful every day. Hollyhocks should stand about our back lines and fences, and lilacs and other shrubs about our back yards and buildings. Over all sheds and barns should grow grapevines and running roses. The shame of our homes is that we run lawn mowers in front and keep Gehenna in the rear. Nothing can be conceivably more vile than the average barn surroundings of American homes. A new departure here is sorely needed.—*Popular Gardening.*

Never let a hired man take your measure, is a good motto. No man is great to his body servant. Familiarity breeds contempt. A man who is in employer and master of other men should hold a little in reserve, so that the employed can never feel quite certain that they know every corner of his character.—*Stephen Powers in Ohio Farmer.*

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer
Notes from Granite Hill Farm.

Taking up the *Farmer* to-day, and glancing over its columns, my attention was drawn to an article on fruit raising, by "Crank," East Union. I am sorry for "Crank," but cannot endorse, as sound advice, his suggestions to orchardists and farmers generally, to plant only for *home use* the majority of our choicest and most profitable varieties of autumn and early winter apples, on account of the depredations of the apple maggot. His fears are not altogether groundless, but his conclusions are too hasty; they are not based upon sound reasoning.

What is sound reasoning? Sure enough, what is it? I hope I have not plunged into deep water only to sink. Sound reasoning seldom comes to one except through the channels of keen observation, of great patience and long practice in any pursuit. I disclaim any unusual knowledge from either of these sources, and will honestly confess that I have much to learn yet in fruit raising.

My knowledge of the character and habits of the *Trypeta Pomonella* is very limited, very imperfect indeed. I acknowledge, however, that he has come to stay, and I go farther than "Crank" and declare boldly that he will not stop until he has infested all our soundest winter fruit. When the codlin moth first became known to our orchardists, his attacks were confined principally to the early summer and fall fruit, yet it did not take him long to invade and damage all our hardiest winter varieties. So it will undoubtedly prove with this new and interesting insect; he will not stop short of the whole hog, and, (to use a slang phrase) don't you forget it, gentle reader. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" says *Trypeta Pomonella*. We are going to *keep right on* planting all of our choicest summer, early autumn, late autumn or early winter and late winter varieties just the same, *and we are going to fight you to the death.* In the meantime, take my advice: gather your fruit when it is ripe, and market it immediately, and the public will call for more, maggot or no maggot.

When Prof. Harvey of Orono, has sufficiently studied this new insect in all its phases, and is ready to give us a complete history of its life and habits, he will undoubtedly be prepared also to suggest some practical remedy that will largely curtail its devastations, if not utterly rout the insect itself. If one will study carefully Dr. Harris' description of the life and habits of the codlin moth (his knowledge based upon accurate, but limited), he will come to the conclusion that all attempts to prevent, or nullify in the least, the work of the codlin moth and its progeny, the apple worm, by spraying the trees in June with arsenical poisons, will prove of no avail. Why? Because Dr. Harris says the moth lays her eggs during the latter part of June and through all July, the spraying is usually done early in June—just after the blossoms fall—long before the moth lays her eggs. My experience this year confirms me in this belief. All through the latter part of August and the pasturage clearing and daily furnishing poorer and poorer feed, the corn crop was growing in both leaf and stock, and more than supplying the deficiency in the withered pastures.

A system of spraying as usually followed with us for several years, and we find dairying very uncertain without it. Next year we propose growing a larger area of corn and during what we do not use green in silo for winter use. The writer a few days since saw and tested ensilage on the farm of Mr. H. B. Hall of Gagetown, N. B., which was simply splendid feed. Although it was seventeen months in the silo, when it was out of the silo that is not put in, yet there may be chemical changes in the fodders which enhance somewhat their food value. Certainly the silage in question had a most delicious flavor, and the cattle fed green corn stalk, and as far ahead of dried stalks as a nicely cooked apple to one raised in the sun. This is the first sweet ensilage we have put up, and for a season of economic succulent winter food it stands ahead of roots; at least the appearance of Mr. Hall's herd of Red Polls led us to this conclusion.

Another point, the importance of which the dry season seemed to emphasize, and that was the importance of good tillage, especially in keeping the ground well stirred around the growing plants. The cultivator should have a horse all to itself during the hoeing season, where there is any extent of crop.

The summer has not, on the whole, been very favorable to sheep life, and our Shropshires have taken advantage of this to show their superiority as milk and mutton producers, over Lincesters and Liecester grades. We are more than pleased with some of the lambs got by crossing a Shropshire ram on high grade Leicester ewes. While speaking of sheep I would like to ask the opinion of some of your Maine shepherds as to the number of ewes that can be profitably kept in one flock during the winter season. Our own experience seems to show us that flocks of twenty or thereabouts are large enough to handle properly. In larger flocks where they are kept at all confined, there always seems to be a proportion of weak sheep which continue to fall until removed by themselves, and considerable trouble taken to restore them to condition.

Although wool and mutton are both somewhat dull in the markets, still the lamb crop seems to be one of the most profitable branches on the farm.
Oromocto, N. B. W. W. HUBBARD.

For the Maine Farmer.
Exchange Places.

In a recent issue of the *Farmer*, that veteran patron and farmer, D. H. Thing, in view of present prevailing low prices of farm products, calls upon the editor of the *Farmer* to tell the average farmer what can be done "to keep the pot boiling." In the next issue of the *Farmer* we have the reply. It presents a very pleasant pen picture of the happy condition of the prosperous farmer. Very pleasant and inspiring is the picture painted, and in a measure, truthful. Would that this utopian view of Maine farming could be universally true. This view of the prosperity of all our farmers in the eastern borders, in the western borders, and in the interior of the State, "will bring faith in our State as a home for an intelligent and prosperous people, confidence in our business as a means of surrounding those engaged in it with more of the comforts and pleasures of life, and a richer measure of happiness and of prosperity than is the share of those engaged in other occupations around us."

Brother Thing is charged with being "stricken with a sudden attack of the blues." The perusal of farm literature indicates a general epidemic of blues. Even the *Farmer* of same date containing the charming picture of the prosperity of Maine farmers, contains the report of a lecture by Prof. Sanborn, given at a farmers' institute in New York, that has the appearance that the lecturer had a most serious fit of "blues." Prof. Sanborn is reported as follows:

"The success and preservation of this American system of land ownership is of great moment to our republic and to the world. But it is now facing relatively the most depressing period known to its history. Its returns are more unremunerative than the same capital and brains invested in any other important occupation in our country. Farm revenues are so low that unrest is common to our farmers, and so meagre that if continued permanently, either fewer owners and more hired workers will result, or the entire character of farm life must sink to a lower level and approximate to that of European peasantry."

If the condition of farming is as represented by Prof. Sanborn, it behooves every one who has an interest in the continued prosperity of our agriculture and our tenure of land ownership, to earnestly ask the question and seek its solution—"What shall we do to be saved?"

Undoubtedly, Bro. Thing had one class of farmers, not few in number, in mind, when asking his questions. That class whose capital is limited, who often do not fully own their farm they till, but are embarrassed by debt and the burden of interest and taxation, frequently being taxed on property owned by others in the form of capital secured by mortgage.

The editor, in his reply, presents the surroundings of the well-to-do farmer, who has his farm well equipped with improved tools and machines, and who has sufficient capital to meet all his expenses as they occur. These farmers are thus prosperous, not always from superior diligence or merit on their part, but often through the fortune of inheriting a good farm completely equipped, from their fathers. Many of these have prospered always without a large number of apples with my knife, in order to discover, if possible, any signs of the varmint. I selected such fruit as had the appearance of being tampered with, but failed to find any signs of worm or the signs of their work. I was inclined to think that the fruit would not be wormy, but my bright anticipations were soon blasted, for, in a few weeks, some of the fruit began to present the appearance of worminess, and by the last of August or the first of September the worms increased very fast, so that finally, at gathering time, the fruit was more than one-half wormy.

Again, on reading Dr. Harris' work one cannot help feeling a little surprised at how little has in reality been accomplished towards the destruction of this noxious pest, and that the remedies he suggests are so simple. It can be accounted for only on the ground of an inherent indolence in our natural make-up, an unaccountable indifference to the situation, and a fatalism which has combined to prevent farmers and orchardists from combining to destroy this abominable pest. If we would only tie old rags or cotton batting around the trunks of the trees, just under the limbs, and smoke it larger than we should to catch hundreds of worms; and then, as soon as the fruit is gathered, scrape all the rough, loose bark from the trunks and limbs, and wash them with a strong solution of soft soap and potash, I believe we should accomplish a good deal in the way of overcoming or destroying this pest. The old German method of burning old weeds, grass and brush, and making an offensive smoke to drive the moth away, during June and July, might be tried and made effective, if it did not involve too much expense. More anon. W. P. A.

For the Maine Farmer.
From Our Provincial Friends.

Dear Farmer: I have been an interested reader of your paper during the past summer months, and have derived valuable information as well as much pleasure from the weekly perusal of your columns. I notice there are many contributions from farmers a rather conspicuous lack of any from your numerous provincial friends, but I can assure you in my case, could you take the "will for the deed," it would be bothered almost weekly. The writer, however, does not form any exception to farmers in general, and when rushed with farm work finds it considerable of an undertaking to do much writing.

Our crop reports are now out and we find for the whole of New Brunswick we have no reason for much complaint. In the central part of the Province and extending over a considerable area, drought was severely felt. On our own farm rain fell quite copiously up to the 18th of June, but from that till the 16th of September the plurimeter showed hardly appreciable moisture. On the hay crop the terrible effect on all crops, while some almost failed, others were fairly good. Search for cause and effect in this respect has no doubt had an exhaustive consideration at your hands.

One lesson we learned and learned well from the drought; and that was the value of a plentiful supply of green fodder for the stock. While under the dry heat of July and August the pastures were wearing and daily furnishing poorer and poorer feed, the corn crop was growing in both leaf and stock, and more than supplying the deficiency in the withered pastures.

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Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Jan. 2, 1890.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.50 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.

A Happy New Year to the fifty thousand readers of the *Maine Farmer!*

The Valuation Commissioners think the State valuation will be increased from ten to fifteen per cent. over the valuation for the last ten years.

The fish commissioners have a million salmon eggs in the hatching house at Sebago Lake. The greater part of them are for Sebago, but some will go to other waters.

Rev. C. E. Angell will deliver the address of welcome to the members of the Maine State Pomological Society, at their winter meeting at Norway, in February.

The review of the shipbuilding industry in Maine shows the total number of vessels of all kinds built in all the yards during the year just closing to be 83, and the total tonnage 3,954,804.

The list of new railway lines constructed during the year 1889 shows that the total addition to the main track railway mileage of the United States during the year will vary little from an even 5,000 miles. This is the smallest construction recorded in any one year since 1885, when the total increase was but 3,588 miles.

Farmers in and around Guilford are now commencing somewhat to realize the benefits they will derive from the new factory that is about complete. Contracts are being rapidly made with them for different kinds of hard wood. There will be thousands of cords handled and delivered to the L. C. Bass manufacturing establishment this winter.

A system of free text books will be adopted for the public schools of the State next August, and to prepare for this change the State superintendent of schools has issued a circular to cities and towns in the State to report at their next March meeting an estimate upon which to base the appropriation to be then made for the purchase of school text books under the new law.

The ladies of Readfield Grange will furnish dinner in the Grange hall to all who desire to attend the annual meeting of the Kennebec Agricultural Society next Monday, Jan. 6th. The large number who partook of the feast spread before them last year will not need a second notice, so wait longer for an opportunity to get a good dinner and materially aid the loyal workers of Readfield Grange.

Benjamin Thompson of Kennebunkport, was 96 years old Sunday. Saturday he was met by one of his neighbors, walking home from the woods with a big bundle of wood upon his back. His load was heavy enough to buckle the back of most any man in the town. Mr. Thompson has a splendid yoke of oxen in his barn and when asked why he had not used them to haul the wood, he replied that the road through the woods was bad and he was afraid of injuring the cattle!

The *Portland Daily Evening Express*, in its short life has made wonderful strides in the field of journalism, and has reached a very large circulation. It contains all the news done up in a crisp and entertaining manner, with a large amount of valuable and interesting literary and miscellaneous matter. It is published by the Evening Express Publishing Co., Portland. Terms 1 year $3.00. Per month, 25 cents. Strictly in advance.

Western millers exported from the United States to foreign countries last year 2,197,640 barrels of flour, enough to load 11,000 railroad cars. This is independent of grain shipments, and of such flour as the lines of railroad and navigation carry to points of home consumption, and amounts to more than 60 per cent. of the whole, which finds the consumer largely in the New England States, New York and Pennsylvania. This is proof of the claim that the home market is the great standby of dealers in and raisers of farm products.

We are happy, as the new year comes round, to call attention to the Bangor *Whig and Courier*, which is fully prepared to maintain the high position which it has long held. It is a clean, safe paper, and does not deem it enterprising journalism to gather up all the garbage extant and dump it down into the homes of the people. Terms of Daily, $8.00 per year; $4.00 for 6 months; $2.00 for 3 months; 15 cents for 1 week; single copies 3 cents. The Weekly is but one dollar a year.

The *Kennebec Journal* publishers are out with their annual prospectus, by which we learn that the paper will keep up its reputation for enterprise and push the coming year. Every department will be carefully edited, and a large corps of correspondents throughout the State will furnish the news. The news by Associated Press is also given. Terms of the Daily, 60 cents per month, $7.00 per year, postage paid to any address. Terms of the Weekly, $2.00 per year, from which a discount of 50 cents will be made for advance payment.

The quarterly meeting of the State Board of Health was held at the Secretary's office at the State House, Monday. Dr. J. O. Webster of Augusta, was chosen President *pro tem* to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Dr. Gerrish. The Secretary gave an account of the water analysis made during the year. The number of examinations was 183, of which 101 had been analysis of well water, 40 of spring waters, 10 of public water supplies, 10 of proposed public water supplies, 3 of cistern waters, and 17 miscellaneous. It was voted to send some of the members to make an examination of the sanitary arrangements of the new school house at Lewiston.

The December number of "*The Cadet*" published at the State College, strongly endorses the scheme which the *Farmer* recently proposed, of establishing a "Dairy Institute" for thorough instruction in this important branch of agricultural work. The *Cadet* says: "The Maine State College would claim the right of having such an institution placed under its supervision, and would gladly welcome a department of this kind into such a connection. Such an institute established under the charge of a competent dairyman would give increased facilities for the agricultural students to take up this branch more completely, while it would give to those who only cared to pursue here a course in this branch an opportunity of obtaining a good knowledge of the most improved and practical methods of managing a dairy farm, creamery, or cheese factory."

A good many people have, with the *Boston Journal*, deduced from the mildness of the winter of 1888-89 and the mildness of the present winter so far the conclusion that our climate is changing; that the Gulf Stream has moved nearer to us and that we are sharing some of its warmth with our English cousins. One mild winter, or two even though succeeding one another, are not sufficient to establish a conclusion of this kind. The *Portland Press* showed by citations from Parson Smith's weather record of a hundred years ago that there were just as mild winters then as now. Indeed neither last winter nor the present one equals in that respect one at least of Parson Smith's. Very likely people thought then as now that the climate was moderating. A few years subsequent, however, they undoubtedly changed their minds, for the arctic cold came back again and the earth was buried in snow. Their experience is likely to be repeated with the present inhabitants.

WHAT THE YEAR HAS BROUGHT. We have heard the death knell of the year 1889, and as we stand upon the threshold of the new, let us take a glance in retrospect. It has been like the other years, filled with something of achievement, and much of disappointment. There has been a freedom from devastating war, though during the whole year a war cloud has hung over Europe, liable at any time to break. There have been no great scourges of disease as in some previous years, but death and disease have everywhere been busy with their fatal work. There has been undoubted progress in the world of science. The inventor has been busy with his schemes for lightening human toil. Reforms have made progress in spite of apparent defeats. There has been a movement in the direction of liberty and freedom in government. France has borne well the test to which her republican institutions have been put, and the close of the year finds Brazil, with monarchy rejected, struggling to make her way into the growing family of republics. The Christian church has won its triumphs, and has sought to enter with the gospel the doors opened by commerce, exploration and conquest. The world grows older, and humanity gradually nears its goal, whatever that goal may be; but there is ground for optimistic courage, and year by year the spirit of pessimism finds less and less on which to nourish itself. On the whole, the year 1889 may be reviewed in a spirit of cheerfulness, and the last decade of the 19th century certainly opens hopefully. The world's workers will have done well if they make the record of the year 1890 the equal of that of 1889, but there is every reason to believe that they will make it better.

In the United States we have been blessed with general prosperity. The new States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington and Montana, have been admitted into the Union. The act was put in force establishing the department of agriculture, and the farmer's interests recognized at the head of the government. The most elaborate preparations have been made for taking the eleventh and subsequent censuses. The administration of the government has passed quietly, and without any disturbance, from the hands of one great party into those of another. Two important international conferences have been in session in Washington during the year. What is known as the Pan-American Conference met on the 2d of October, in accordance with a law approved by President Cleveland, May 24, 1888. The Conference has been called for the purpose of considering measures that shall tend to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of the several American States, measures looking towards an American customs union, the establishment of regular and frequent communications between all the countries concerned, the establishment of a uniform system of customs regulations, the adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures, the adoption of a common coin, arrangements for a definite plan of arbitration of all disputes and differences. All American nations are represented except Paraguay, Hayti and San Domingo. The International Marine Conference, composed of representatives of the principal maritime nations of the world, called for the purpose of obtaining greater security for life and property at sea, was opened Oct. 16th, and is still in session.

The report of the Utah Commission indicates that some progress is being made in crushing out polygamy in that fair Territory, though not by any means all that could be desired. They recommended that the term of imprisonment for unlawful cohabitation be extended to at least two years; that it be made a penal offence for any woman to enter into the marriage relation with any man knowing him to have an undivorced wife living; that the laws relating to immigration be so amended as to prevent the immigration of persons claiming that their religion justifies the practice of polygamy, and that the judicial constitution be so amended as to forever prohibit the practice of polygamy. We seem to be dealing with the Indians in an enlightened manner. The public school system, as applied to the Indian youth of school age, is to be entirely non-sectarian and non-partisan. There will be 1,000,000 acres of land thrown open to the Indians in the Sioux reservation. Negotiations are also in progress for the purchase of what is known as the Cherokee strip, a purchase which has been made necessary by the opening up to settlement of the Oklahoma lands, which occurred on the 22d of April, the whole of this Territory being occupied in a single day.

The year has witnessed an unusual amount of temperance agitation, and is notable for a series of defeats of an attempt to place prohibition in several of the State constitutions. New Hampshire rejected such an amendment in March, and Massachusetts, by a large majority, in April, after a most animated campaign. Pennsylvania followed on the 18th of June, and a little later Rhode Island defeated such an amendment after a two years' trial of it in her constitution. On the 6th of October Connecticut followed the example of the other States. At the election in the new States, North and South Dakota, both adopted the policy of constitutional prohibition, but it was defeated in Washington. The general tendency of liquor legislation in all the States has been in the direction of high license and local option.

Freedom from disastrous strikes has been quite general, though in certain localities labor has been crippled thereby. Labor organizations have been strengthened, though there has been a rapid disintegration of the once powerful organization known as the Knights of Labor.

The centenary of the inauguration of Washington as President of the United States, was celebrated in New York on April 29th and 30th, and May 1st. There were large and successful marine, military and industrial parades, a brilliant ball, and a centennial banquet. The literary exercises took place on April 30th, on Wall street, close to the spot where the first inaugural ceremonies were held. Besides this, the year has abounded with centennial, bi-centennial and quarter-millenial celebrations, some of the more notable of which were the centennial of the settlement of the Ohio valley, and the quarter-millenials of the Cape towns of Sandwich, Barnstable, Yarmouth, Taunton, and the Connecticut valley colony established at Hartford and Weathersfield. The Washington centennial observances by Congress, with the oration by Chief-Justice Fuller, were also impressive and notable.

There has been little in the religious world to mark the year as in any way phenomenal. The great church organizations have pursued their work, both aggressive and defensive, and the results, while not all perhaps that devoted self-sacrificing men have hoped for, have nevertheless been such as to encourage those who believe that the world is, year by year, and century by century, making progress towards a higher plane of good. The year has been marked by a good deal of interest in education, in a growing appreciation of the evils of illiteracy, and numerous measures have been adopted to overcome these. There have also been indications that the enemies of the public school system have mistaken the temper of the American people regarding that institution. The public school will not go, and the private school remains, not approved, or supported from the public school fund, but permitted. In the field of higher education there has been progress.

There has been notable progress in naval construction, and the first fruits of our new navy are in the completed squadron of four cruisers already in foreign waters. When all the ships now authorized are completed, the effective force of the United States navy will consist of 11 armored and 31 unarmored vessels, a total of 42. Secretary Tracy urges the authorization of 30 battleships, and of 30 vessels for coast and harbor defence, in order that our navy may be made, at the earliest possible moment, an effective one. The year in the financial and industrial world has been a prosperous one, and there has been a gradual recovery from the depression which marked the latter part of the previous year in stocks and securities, especially those of the great railroad corporations. There has been a large falling off in railroad construction, and much less of ruinous rate contests between rival lines. The roads have been able to show larger net earnings, and an improvement in their dividend accounts.

The year has not been unmarked by disasters. The terrible storm in the Samoan harbor, by which several of the war vessels of the United States, of England and Germany were wrecked, and a large number of lives were lost, is fresh in mind, and among the more disastrous fires of the year must be reckoned those of Thanksgiving week, at Lynn and Boston. There has been drouth in some sections of the West, causing intense suffering, and threatening famine, while floods have brought devastation to other sections. There have been numerous railroad horrors, and serious explosions, like that early in the year in Hartford, Conn., where so great loss of life was caused by the destruction of a hotel, and a new danger to life has manifested itself the past year in illy protected and imperfect insulated electric light wires in our large cities, especially in the city of New York. The great disaster of the year was that which occurred on the 31st of May, at Johnstown, Pa., which was undoubtedly the most appalling calamity thus far in the history of this country. There had been for two days and more heavy rains, which caused the bursting of a dam, known as the South Fork dam, by which a body of water five miles long, 10 miles wide, and in some places 70 feet deep, was precipitated into a populous district, of which Johnstown was the chief town, causing a loss of life which has never been accurately determined, but which was probably nearly 8000, while the property loss was from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. The suffering caused was indescribable. The entire country responded to the appeal for relief, and contributions poured in on every hand, but the Johnstown horror will long be remembered as one of the most terrible in our annals.

Death has been as usual busy during the year, and many names which had become famous in the world of statesmanship, scholarship, literature, law, theology and science, have been added to the death roll of 1889. Those which at once suggest themselves of famous Americans are: Captain John Ericsson, the inventor of the monitor; Justice Stanley Matthews of the United States Supreme Court; Augustus Porter Barnard, President of Columbia College; Simon Cameron, the veteran statesman, and one of the original members of the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln, who had almost completed his 91st year; Rev. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, the distinguished scholar and publicist, and ex-President of Yale College; Alexander Johnston, D. D., historian and political economist; Samuel S. Cox, author, wit, statesman, diplomat; George H. Pendleton, for years a democratic leader, and lately Minister to Germany; and Jefferson Davis, the leader of secession.

We may mention among other deaths those of Col. John C. Dent; Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*; Prof. O. H. Mitchell, mathematician; Hon. Wm. H. Barnum, chairman of the national democratic committee; Rear Admiral Edward Donaldson, U. S. N.; Allen Thorndike Rice, proprietor of the *North American Review*, and U. S. Minister to Russia; the wife of ex-President Hayes; Rev. Dr. Samuel L. Caldwell, ex-President of Vassar College; Rev. Dr. David N. Sheldon, ex-President of Colby University; Hon. John A. Morton, Governor of Kansas; ex-Gov. John F. Hartranft of Pennsylvania; Lewis C. Cassidy, Esq., the famous Philadelphia lawyer; Col. J. H. Rathbone of Ohio, founder of the Knights of Pythias; Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, editor and orator.

DEATHS IN AUGUSTA IN THE OLDEN TIME. In looking over some old papers, our friend, Mr. Joshua Allen of Wayne, came across the following memorandum, concerning mortality in Augusta, a good many years ago. It will interest our readers, especially those well advanced in years. During the years mentioned Mr. Allen was the efficient Superintendent of Burials.

1852—WHOLE NUMBER OF DEATHS 126.

The ages, in periods of ten years, were as follows, viz:

From 80 to 90 years,	6
70 to 80 "	4
60 to 70 "	8
50 to 60 "	16
40 to 50 "	8
30 to 40 "	13
20 to 30 "	10
10 to 20 "	3
5 to 10 "	44
Under 5 years	

These deaths took place in the several months as follows:—

In January,	6
February,	6
March,	18
April,	11
May,	7
June,	13
July,	10
August,	13
September,	8
October,	13
November,	13
December,	7

The record of this year is probably less than the actual number, as the arrangements for securing returns were not complete.

1853—WHOLE NUMBER, 173.

In periods of ten years, as above.

Ninety years and upward,	1
From 80 to 90 years,	25
70 to 80 "	27
60 to 70 "	10
50 to 60 "	14
40 to 50 "	19
30 to 40 "	16
20 to 30 "	9
10 to 20 "	8
5 to 10 "	75
Under 5 years,	

Distributed in the several months as follows, viz.—

January,	16
February,	8
March,	3
April,	13
May,	7
June,	14
July,	8
August,	29
September,	27
October,	10
November,	14
December,	19

N. B. The mortality among children under 5 years, is the marked feature of this year's record.

1854—WHOLE NUMBER OF DEATHS, 177.

In periods as before, viz.—

Ninety years and upward,	2
From 80 to 90 years,	13
70 to 80 "	20
60 to 70 "	30
50 to 60 "	22
40 to 50 "	9
30 to 40 "	10
20 to 30 "	8
10 to 20 "	42
5 to 10 "	
Under 5 years,	

In the several months, thus—

January,	19
February,	20
March,	9
April,	11
May,	13
June,	14
July,	28
August,	24
September,	17
October,	13
November,	13
December,	13

Of the deaths this year 35 occurred at the Insane Hospital. The record of the preceding years also include such.

1855—WHOLE NUMBER OF DEATHS, 130.

In periods as before, viz.—

From 80 to 90 years,	6
70 to 80 "	8
60 to 70 "	11
50 to 60 "	16
40 to 50 "	13
30 to 40 "	17
20 to 30 "	10
10 to 20 "	5
5 to 10 "	47
Under 5 years,	

In the several months, thus—

January,	14
February,	16
March,	6
April,	7
May,	4
June,	10
July,	11
August,	12
September,	9
October,	10
November,	13
December,	9

HOW IT IS REGARDED ABROAD. Hon. John L. Stevens, our distinguished fellow citizen, in a letter to the *Journal*, gives the following graphic description of how the spirit of the New England Thanksgiving has found its way to the islands of the sea:

Drive cyclopean wedges with vulcan arms and cleave off a solid piece of New England, float it out into the Atlantic well toward the tropics and the Carribean sea, and then transplant to its soil the palms from Brazil, the algerobas from Peru, the cocoanut trees from Tahiti and Samoa, and the orange trees from Florida and Paraguay, and let ferns and flowers everywhere abound in the golden sunshine of perpetual summer, and the island thus created would resemble the land of the Hawaiian kingdom. In the mould of its institutions and customs, in the character of its churches and schools, in the make-up of its leading men and women, in its religious and social ideas, and in the firm grip with which they hold their opinions, and in their methods of business, and their manner of managing their festive and commemorative occasions, they adhere with rigid exactness to New England models and forms. One could not fail to be struck with the truth of this when he had witnessed how they observed the recent Thanksgiving Day. The following notice clipped from their morning daily, tells how public attention was called to the custom which originated among the Pilgrim fathers. It may not have been exactly diplomatic for the U. S. Minister here to issue such a notice, but backed by the example of his predecessors and solicited by earnest men, whose every heart beat is American, he waived all fastidious scruples and announced that Thanksgiving day had come.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
HONOLULU, Nov. 23, 1889.

President Harrison having designated THURSDAY, Nov. 28, as a day of Thanksgiving, to be observed by the citizens of the United States, the undersigned takes the liberty to suggest to all his countrymen and to others in the Hawaiian Kingdom, who wish to express their approval of a venerated religious custom, that they unite in duly observing the day set apart for returning thanks to the Divine Father for the blessings he has bestowed on the American people and those of other nations. I am requested to say, there will be religious services in Honolulu at the Fort Street Church and at St. Andrews Cathedral, on the 28th, at 11 A. M., and a cordial invitation is extended to the public to participate therein.

JOHN L. STEVENS.
United States Minister Resident.

According to the terms of the notice, services were held in the American and English churches, though the special character of American thanksgiving was observed only in the former. Rev. Dr. Beckwith, born among the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, and educated in American school and college, preached in the American church, which was trimmed with American flags and an abundance of tropical plants and flowers. A good congregation listened to his eloquent and stirring discourse. His historical account of the first American Thanksgiving, the year after the Pilgrims planted themselves at Plymouth, was highly interesting, and his description of the Indian summer was admirable, telling his hearers they could quite find its like nowhere outside of New England. The rich, soft colorings of his picture of this golden season by the preacher, the resplendent beauty of the American flags, never so beautiful as in a foreign land, the thoroughly American appearance of the deeply interested audience, and the singing of the choir, "My country, 'tis of thee," all tended to show, not only that "blood is thicker than water," but indicated the indelible stamp which New England ideas have made on these islands of the Pacific seas. It is thus easy to understand plainly some of the strongest causes which have linked them to the United States with bonds which American patriotism and American statesmanship cannot well disregard.

The afternoon of the day was taken up with varied entertainments and festivities, among which the Governor and his staff were conspicuous. One company, in brilliant red uniform, rode through the principal streets in a large carriage drawn by four horses, and as they passed the United States Legation a rousing cheer and a tiger were given at the sight of the American stars and stripes floating in the breeze. The dinners and family feasts were quite equal to those enjoyed in the country where Thanksgiving Day was born. The fat turkeys and the plum puddings were abundant, and instead of the pumpkin pie and the cranberry sauce were delicious strawberries fresh from the gardens, and the coffee was taken in the open verandah instead of around the blazing hearth.

J. L. S.

Honolulu, Nov. 29, 1889.

MAINE PEDAGOGICAL SOCIETY. The annual meeting of this society opened at Bangor, Thursday evening, Geo. C. Purington of Farmington, President, presiding. An address of welcome was delivered by Prof. Sewall of Bangor. F. A. Hill, A. M., of Cambridge, Mass., lectured for about an hour on "New England Primary Days." Mr. Hill carried his hearers back to the early days of this country and the two classes of people who emigrated here, the reckless class of adventurers who settled in the south, and the well-to-do, sturdy, forty-five and strict Puritan who landed in New England. He spoke of the difference of opinion as to education which prevailed between these two classes. In 1636 there were but fifteen towns and hamlets on Massachusetts Bay, and the lecturer detailed some of the few conveniences and many inconveniences which existed at that early time. For 15 years our forefathers failed to build any good schoolroom or in the play-ground, may be that which shall direct the formation of character in the right direction. The school is to develop, to unfold the child, not to fit him for any special position. Our safety lies in teaching the child what self-government is. The pupil should be taught the duties and responsibilities which fall upon this people, more than devolve upon any people on the globe to-day.

"English Grammar" was the subject presented by Mr. A. F. Richardson, principal of the State Normal School at Castine. Children often correct or incorrect language from hearing. It would be better to spend one year than the eight now used to teach theoretically English Grammar. We are too apt to begin to teach grammar to the child at too early an age. Give the child an opportunity to study Shakespeare, and deliver him from the study of those definitions which they can by no means understand.

In the afternoon, Mr. J. F. Moody, principal of the Edward Little High School of Auburn, gave a talk on the subject, "Is the Standard for Admission to Maine Colleges too High?" The discussion of the question was opened by President Hyde of Bowdoin College. Let a man be admitted not too much on what he passed in examination, for he may not have had opportunities equalling those of others, but admit him on what he has done, which shows what he will do. It is necessary that the standard be kept as high as at present, in order that the students may do the work necessary in the time which they devote to the studies. President Small of Colby University, agreed with President Hyde, and thought that the chief objection to accepting applicants on a lower standard is that the student is not prepared to do the work required in his class. President Fernald of the State College, agreed that the young men should be well fitted to enter before being allowed to do so.

Miss Fannie P. Hardy, superintendent of schools in Brewer, read a paper on "School Superintendence." The superintendent must keep pace with the public. G. A. Stuart of Lewiston, said a superintendent should have knowledge of teaching in all its phases. He should have strength of body and mind, conversant with both theoretical and practical methods, and should not be desirous of bringing forward all new ideas and electing the teachers. He should not easily approached, and with a good knowledge of human nature, always ready to settle difficulties in a pleasant way, and not stand on his dignity.

"Education Through the Hand for the Home," was presented by Miss Anna Barrows of Fryeburg, a teacher in the North Bennett Street Industrial School, Boston. Manual training in our schools is a necessity, while the statistics and authorities which were produced to support her assertions showed how absolutely necessary to the comfort of our homes and the happiness of our people is the teaching of how to do manual labor, especially cookery. Next came a paper on "The Union of Towns to Secure a Superintendent," by Rev. B. P. Snow of Willard. Dr. Dunton continued his explanations of methods and principles in teaching arithmetic to the primary classes. He said that teachers should keep in mind the decimal system of counting by tens. He must use this arrangement in all its calculations. There are three stages in the process of teaching decimally: Perception of objects to be remembered; present numbers in such a way that the children will learn to think of them as they exist; teach the children to count before they make the figures. Make the right number of marks or dots by the side of the figures, and teach the two together. Then teach the simpler signs, as plus, minus or equals. How shall a child learn to add mentally such numbers as eight and seven? Add enough to the eight to make ten, and then add the rest.

The following officers were elected: President, W. W. Stetson, Auburn; Vice President, E. P. Sampson, Saco; secretary and Treasurer, H. M. Estabrooke, Gorham; Executive Committee, W. W. Stetson, E. P. Sampson, H. M. Estabrooke, C. A. Ingram, Helen W. Fuller; Advisory Board, N. A. Luce, F. A. Nickerson, E. P. Sampson, L. G. Jordan, Sarah M. Taylor.

In the evening various topics were debated, and a final adjournment, after a very profitable session, was had on Saturday morning.

The farmers' institute to be held at Farmington, under the auspices of the Franklin County Agricultural Society, next week, Friday, Jan. 10th, promises to be of unusual interest. The following very full programme has been arranged:

Forenoon, Dr. G. M. Twitchell will speak on the subject of "Poultry on the farm and with the specialist."

Afternoon, President Ellis will discourse on "Dairying as a business," and the secretary of the board on "Fine points in butter making."

Evening, a lecture will be given on "Gleanings from plant life," by Abel F. Stevens, Woodside Farm, Wellesley, Mass. This is to be followed by L. H. Bisson, member from Androscoggin, on "The order of the farm."

Other subjects will be entertained if time will allow. The Sandy River and F. & M. railroads will sell half-fare tickets. Hot coffee will be served by the society at Brown's Hall, for dinner and supper. The Farmington Quartette will furnish music. There should be a grand rally of the farmers of the county.

We have received from the publishers of Webster's Dictionary, G. & C. Merriam & Co., Springfield, Mass., a copy of the special press edition of the fine engraving entitled "Noah Webster, the Schoolmaster of the Republic." The picture is intended as a memorial of Noah Webster, and of his work in its relation to popular education. Appropriately, therefore, the central object is a copy of the last edition of the Unabridged Dictionary, against the open pages of which lies a sheet of the manuscript of the original dictionary, which, in turn, bears the authentic Webster portrait. Beside the group lies an open copy of the old "Compendious Dictionary" of 1806, which was a wonder in its day, and was the forerunner of the Unabridged. In the foreground, besides the library accessories (which are faithfully reproduced from Virginia's possession of Mr. Gordon L. Ford of Brooklyn, New York), lies "Webster's Speller," an humble coadjutor of the big Dictionary in the work of education, for one branch of which it has done as much.

The Page type setting machine is finally done. The cost has been about $500,000, of which Mark Twain has spent $100,000. He is now the principal owner. It is proposed to form a joint stock company for the construction of the machines on an economical scale. This plant and working capital will cost about $1,000,000. When it is ready machines can be turned out in quantities at an hour on the Elzevir, each, then selling for $12,000. There are 1800 parts, and the whole apparatus is constructed with the utmost delicacy and exactitude. The machine, in the hands of a skilled operator, will set from forty to fifty thousand ems a day, justifying and distributing the matter. It is about 18 feet long and about nine feet high in the centre.—*American Bookmaker.*

The latest labor and money-saving machine which cuts loaves of bread into slices ready for the table, and at the same time applies a coating of butter. The machine is used by the wholesale sandwich makers, stewards in correctionary institutions, and by some hotels. It saves much bread, it is said, because few crumbs are made, and the saving in butter is pronounced astonishing. The devise can cut up 750 loaves of bread an hour, and butter the slices as they separate. It may be run by hand, steam power or electric motor.

One of the daintiest Calenders of the season is issued by the Smith & Anthony Stove Company, of Boston, the well-known manufacturers of the Hub Ranges It is a reproduction in delicate colors, of the late Miss Humphrey's water-color drawing, entitled "The First Step," and is one of the most charming of this artist's pictures of child life. The design is on heavy cardboard, 10½ x 8 inches. It can be had by sending 15 cents in stamps or currency to the above address.

Lawrence Hayden of Madison, shot a big black moose near the foot of Moxie Mountain on the 14th inst., that stood twenty hands high, with a spiendid set of horns indicating ten years of age. His carcass, without the entrails, weighed 887 pounds and sold for a little over eighty dollars. His length, from nose to tail was nine feet, and to the ends of his hind hoofs, fourteen feet, and he must have weighed over one thousand pounds live weight.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. Gov. Burleigh made the following nominations, Friday:

Artemas Libbey of Augusta, to be Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court.

Elmer E. Richards of Farmington, to be clerk of courts for Franklin county, in place of Josiah H. Thompson, resigned.

John A. Hinkley of Gorham, to be trustee of the State normal schools.

Since the year 1889 came in, Mrs. John Oliver of Nobleboro, has spun one hundred and twenty-five yards of yarn, woven one hundred eighteen yards of cloth for blankets, (one web taking the premium at Damariscotta fair,) wove eighty-six yards of rag carpeting, done all her house work and attended to all the duties usually devolving on a woman living on a farm.

The new State of North Dakota already has a debt staring its tax-payers in the face without the means of paying it. There is a probability that some of the schools and other institutions will be temporarily closed, as there are stringent constitutional provisions against piling up a State debt.

Mr. C. H. Nelson told a reporter, while passing through New York on Wednesday, on his way to Florida, that he was willing to match Nelson against the Chicago horse, Jack, for any reasonable amount. It is quite probable that a match will be made.

We have the magnificent calendar issued for the new year, by D. J. Reilly & Co., 324 and 326 Pearl street, New York city. The composition rollers made by this enterprising firm, we have long used with growing satisfaction.

From J. H. Osgood, 100 Milk street, Boston, we have a fine, clear calender for the present year. The Messrs. Osgood are the manufacturers of the popular printers' inking rollers.

The Duchess of Hamilton devotes much time to personal supervision of her dairy, one of the finest in England.

Emin Pasha has had a relapse, and great anxiety is felt.

Grange News and Notes.

—Saturday, Readfield Grange held an all-day meeting, with a lecture announced in the afternoon by the State Lecturer. A goodly number gathered in the morning, all being rejoiced to welcome home their Worthy Master, H. O. Nickerson, and happy to note that he comes back in every way improved in health. The three months spent in the west, traveling over the prairies and living on the ranches, have given him renewed vigor, and a fresh lease of life, for which all are thankful. Bros. R. W. Ellis and S. C. Watson spent the day there with Bro. Twitchell, and at his request the lecture was dropped, and the afternoon given to informal remarks by all the visitors. The meeting proved to be, what all were hoping for, both pleasant and profitable, and though work in the degree was postponed, yet the candidates will come to the next meeting more fully alive to the worth of the order than ever before. The long table was filled by a happy crowd at dinner time, and the dinner was one for which the good cooks of Readfield are noted. It was a day long to be remembered by all, and the wish of each and every one is that the same party, and more, may again be gathered in this Grange hall.

—At the regular meeting of Princeton Grange, Dec. 28, the following officers were elected:

Master—Isaac A. Colwell.
Overseer—Wm. A. Bates.
Lecturer—Emery Edgerley.
Steward—James Libby.
Assistant Steward—Irvin Sprague.
Chaplain—Weston J. Brown.
Treasurer—Jos. W. Edgerley.
Secretary—Willis R. Dresser.
Gate Keeper—Alonzo Smith.
Pomona—Adella Brown.
Flora—Ida Calligan.
Ceres—Clara Colwell.
Lady Ass't Steward—Mabel A. Dresser.

The tables were prepared, and an excellent supper was enjoyed by all present. Work was resumed, and a short but interesting report of the State Grange was given by Worthy Master Edgerley.

—List of officers of Mattanawcook Grange, Lincoln, for 1890:

Master—Elbridge Johnson.
Overseer—Joseph Burland.
Lecturer—R. W. Bailey.
Steward—S. R. Linden.
Assistant Steward—Asa Clay.
Chaplain—Mrs. Marie Johnson.
Treasurer—G. H. Sanborn.
Secretary—Mrs. M. A. Johnson.
Gate Keeper—T. C. Woodbury.
Pomona—Mrs. T. C. Woodbury.
Flora—Mrs. G. H. Sanborn.
Ceres—Mrs. A. P. Libby.
Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Jennie Lancaster.

—At the last regular meeting of Aroostook Union Grange, No. 163, the following officers were elected for 1890:

Master—Ezra McGlauflin.
Overseer—L. A. Blaisdell.
Lecturer—S. R. Greenwood.
Steward—Michael Cushman.
Assistant Steward—Leander L. Adams.
Chaplain—Chas. Tarbell.
Treasurer—Cyrus Chase.
Secretary—Ernest T. McGlauflin.
Gate Keeper—C. B. Rose.
Ceres—Mrs. E. McGlauflin.
Pomona—Mrs. L. A. Blaisdell.
Flora—Mrs. S. R. Greenwood.
Lady Assistant Steward—Ella Cronkhite.

—Recently elected officers of Pittston Grange:

Master—John Scott.
Overseer—Nelson Colburn.
Lecturer—Mrs. H. C. Jewett.
Steward—Frank M. Lapham.
Assistant Steward—Chas. E. Scott.
Chaplain—Mrs. E. H. Lapham.
Treasurer—E. A. Lapham.
Secretary—John B. Ripley.
Gate Keeper—Bert Jewett.
Ceres—Mrs. John Scott.
Pomona—Jeanette Hathorn.
Flora—Sadie Whitmore.
Lady Assistant Steward—May Marson.
Executive Committee—E. A. Lapham, J. B. Ripley and H. C. Jewett.

KENNEBEC COUNTY INSTITUTET A FAYETTE. Last Friday was a red letter day at North Fayette. Not only were the farmers awake to the opportunity, but the Grange, composed of a large number of very active members, had for some time been engaged in preparing for the coming of the Farmers' institute at Grange Hall, North Fayette. With good sleighing and a bright, cold day, the farmers turned out, and when the writer entered the hall, a half hour after the opening, he found the way blocked by a crowd filling the ante rooms. Secretary Gilbert must have felt that his method of conducting institute work was proving not only satisfactory, but of great service, when he saw the farmers of Livermore, Chesterville, Mt. Vernon, Readfield, Winthrop, Wayne, and other towns, gathered to listen and participate in the discussions. The crowd was there, and they came to stay. With associated dairying just getting a foothold, a most excellent quality of butter being produced, and the demand growing for the same, it is not to be wondered at that dairying in its many phases occupied the entire day.

Bro. J. F. Stevens extended a cordial greeting, to which the secretary fittingly responded. Then the regular work of the day commenced, Pres. Ellis leading with his practical, convincing, encouraging lecture, on the worth of the dairy and the profit necessary for success. Mr. H. H. Blossom of Turner, member of the Board from Androscoggin county, spoke especially for associated work, presenting the all-convincing arguments which a patron of Turner factory can so forcibly urge. Secretary Gilbert followed, taking up the question of feeding, and offering rations as a basis of experimentation. It is seldom one finds an audience more prompt in question than this, and nothing could have added more to the interest of the meeting. If one suggested the difficulties to be overcome, another was prompt to seek a remedy, and thus the discussion became of the greatest value.

Mr. Blossom, for a few minutes in the evening, presented some of the latest phases in orcharding, urging the cultivation of those varieties, the selection of those best adapted to the soil and location of the farm, and the necessity for more thorough culture. Dr. Twitchell of Fairfield, closed the meeting, giving, at the request of the Grange, his lecture on "Dairy Institutes." Fayette has long been noted for its love of music, and its superior singers and performers. The orchestra of eight pieces furnished music throughout the day, which was a treat in and of itself. Among the players sat a twelve year old boy, Bertie Buzzell, and his piccolo playing won him many words of praise. In the evening, the Grange ably fully sustained their reputation, and added much to the interest of the closing session.

The Grange hall is a two-story building, built and owned by the organization, and in every way fully equipped. On the ground floor are the dining hall, kitchen and cupboards, with cook stove, dishes, tables and chairs. Here a bountiful dinner and supper were served to all, and many were the basketful carried home by the sisters, as liberality did they provide. In the basement are stalls affording shelter for twenty or more horses, when the Grange is in session. But few, if any, institutes will be held this year of greater interest than this; and in the cooperative work begun by the Grange, and extending in all directions, the good work of the day will long be realized. Surely, an organization which can, through the work of its members, bring about results of value to the whole community, is worthy the confidence and support of all the people.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Rev. C. M. G. Harw

Items of Maine News.

The pulp mill at Benton is to be lighted by electricity.

A good sized deer was seen, Thursday, in the suburbs of Bangor.

Rabbits are very plenty in the woods. Forty were shot on two days last week, near Bangor.

During the past year thirty-three vessels have been launched into the Kennebec at Bath.

Governor Burleigh has appointed L. H. Park of Veazie, special liquor constable for Penobscot county.

Governor Burleigh has nominated Frank W. Butler of Farmington, for Register of Probate of Franklin county.

Fire in the greenhouse in Maple Grove Cemetery, Bath, did between $4,000 and $5,000 damage, Friday. Insurance, $1,300.

In the growing town of Caribou, $136,970 represents the amount expended in new buildings and improvements the past year.

The following patents have been granted to residents of Maine: Frank L. Bartlett, Portland, steam pipe covering. John P. Kelley, Saco, tension regulating device for loom shuttles.

Jesse Smart has been appointed Postmaster at Troy, vice A. W. Bagley. Lloyd W. Drake, Esq., has been appointed postmaster at Springfield, and George W. Haskell, Esq., postmaster at Lee.

Horatio E. Swasey, a well-known lawyer of Boston, died the other night, after an illness of but two days of pneumonia. He was a native of Standish, Me., his father being Horatio J. Swasey, a well known lawyer. Mr. Swasey was born in 1847.

Friday, Fish Warden Bailey seized at the Bath express office 146 bass, billed from J. F. Morse, Winnegance. If convicted of taking them from Winnegance creek, the fine will be $735, as it is close time there to January.

George Stewart of Saco, was found dead in his hay rack near North Scarboro station, Wednesday. He hauled a load of hay to his son-in law's at Blue Point, and was returning home with his oxen and rack, when found. The trouble was heart disease.

David Rubin, a Jew peddler, who has been doing business at Biddeford, for several years, has left town suddenly, owing, it is stated, several local merchants, who supplied him with goods. He shipped his goods from Kennebunk, then sold his horse and wagon.

Hon. Charles Hayward, one of the most highly respected and prominent citizens of Bangor, died last week. Mr. Hayward's native place was Readfield, Kennebec county, where he was born on April 7th, 1813. In 1832 he went to Bangor, where he has ever since been engaged in mercantile business.

Down at Machias, on Monday morning, under the influence of warm weather, caterpillars and potato bugs are crawling on the walks; houses and stores were opened as in summer, and there were no snow and no ice in the rivers and no frost in the ground. Happy, thrice happy, Maine!

The substantial old-style, two story dwelling house of Elijah Buzzell, near the Arundel station, Kennebunkport, was burned last week, with nearly all the contents. Mr. Buzzell has no insurance on buildings or furniture. Mr. Harvey Cluff and wife, tenants of Mr. Buzzell also lost the bulk of their personal effects.

George Stuart, a prominent farmer of North Saco, died of heart disease, on a hay rack, Thursday night, while driving home from Pine Point. Mr. Stuart was well known in York county, having been Democratic candidate for mayor of Saco a few years ago. His age was 67 years. He leaves eight children.

About two years ago Frank Pinard of Biddeford, then a lad of thirteen was struck in the breast by a bobbin, while at work in the Laconia Mills. The blow received fractured the bone, and since then the boy has suffered severely with a running bone sore. Recently he began to grow rapidly worse and died Wednesday.

The Shirley Lumber Co., at Shirley, having completed the repairs and enlargement of their mill, started up last week, and as soon as there comes snow enough to make wagon sledding, they will run it by night. When every part of their business here is in operation it will take 175 men and 75 horses. This means all those connected with it, directly and indirectly.

Huntress Block at South Berwick, was destroyed by fire Saturday morning. It was occupied by Miss Fannie Linton, milliner, the Gray sisters, milliners, and five families. The loss is estimated at $9,500, partially covered by insurance. There were fears at one time that the fire would become general, but the five local hand tubs were successful in getting the fire under control, and assistance was not needed.

Mr. J. T. Crippen of Ellsworth, stepped out of the store for a moment to speak to a man, leaving the door unlocked, and when he returned he missed three gold watches. He immediately notified an officer and a suspected man by the name of Chapman, was arrested and taken to jail. There he confessed his crime and the watches were found tied up in a handkerchief, hidden on the old foundry premises.

The Waldoboro Granite Company closed its season's work last week. In the quarry at average of thirty men have been employed. In the sheds an average of thirty-five cutters were employed six and a half months on the State House extension. These men earned from $1.50 to $4.50 a day. Besides the cutters there were three blacksmiths and a teamster. The granite was shipped by rail, requiring forty cars, fifteen tons to the car.

Wm. Linscott of Appleton, committed suicide Saturday by hanging. His body was found suspended from a beam in his barn by neighbors. His wife was away at the time calling on friends. He was a farmer in moderate circumstances and had not been well for the past month. Some six months ago he threatened that he might take his life, but nothing was thought of his remark at the time. He was 67 years of age.

Lewis Hopkins, the man who with Alonzo Turner was convicted of the murder of the Indian at Richmond, was released Saturday, at the expiration of his sentence. At the time of his release he came into possession of about $600 of back pension, and with this he proposed to purchase an outfit, provide for his two little boys, and on the 18th of January will probably leave for Fort Payne, Ala., where he has influential friends who have offered him a position, which he has accepted.

Rev. G. W. Hinckley, the State evangelist for the Baptists, who is so well known as an evangelist and the promoter of the home for needy boys at Good Will Farm at East Fairfield, has resigned from the position of evangelist, his resignation to take effect on closing the work at Kennebunk, where he is now laboring. Mr. Hinckley has become so interested in the welfare of the boys in need of a helping hand, that he has decided to devote his whole time and energies to that work, which has been one of the aims of his whole life.

Wednesday night a fire broke out in the house of J. A. Gleason of Camden, and was quickly extinguished. Another fire broke out Thursday night in the lumber yard owned by M. A. Whitmore in the business part of the town. A high wind raged with fury at the time and fire companies saved the contents of the yard. Several small buildings belonging to the yard owners, most of them used for the storage of laths, shingles, etc., with their contents, were all burned. The loss is not adjusted, but probably is not under $4,000, and may exceed that sum. But for the new Camden and Rockland water system the fire would have swept over a considerable portion of the village. The fires are believed to have been incendiary.

Charles Moore, a convict in the Thomaston prison, sent from Portland on a twenty-five years' sentence, for burglary, evidently wants to get out. Some weeks ago a wrench and other tools which he had made and secreted were discovered. Recently another find was made, this time under the floor of the water closet. It consisted of a woman's dress and hat, made during the tailor. The dress was made from flannel, stolen from the carriage shop. It was neatly cut and sewed and was accompanied by a closely fitting basque. Enamelled leather, with the top of a shoe, cut diamond shaped, did duty as buttons. A lawn tennis hat with two visors completed the disguise. It is thought that he intended to watch his chance, slip on the dress and hat and work his way out as one of a party of excursionists, who might visit the institution.

Mr. L. E. Elliott of Corinth, and Mr. B. R. Hodgdon of Levant, have returned from a very successful hunting trip to the Katahdin Iron Works. They left home ten days ago, determined that if they came across moose, deer or caribou, they would at least try to hit them if they were within range. They hunted all through the week without success, but on Friday morning, when about six miles from the iron works, they ran, as Mr. Elliott says, "slap into a moose-yard," which showed evidence of game being near very recently. They had only made this discovery when they saw a large moose about seventy-five yards in front of them, and both shot at the same time. The moose, which was a large cow, fell where she stood, while a young bull, which had been near, came directly for them. Fortunately, they carried Winchester rifles, and were able to shoot this one also, thus securing two moose without much more than moving from their tracks. The largest moose weighed about five hundred pounds, and when the hind leg was stretched out, measured thirteen feet from the horns to the hoof. The other was considerably smaller, only weighing between three hundred and four hundred pounds. They also tell of seeing an immense bull which came in sight while they were near the others, but thought a hundred dollars worth more to them than the honor of adding one more to their trophies. It was a most successful trip, and the lucky hunters may well feel proud of their good fortune.

Items of General News.

Florida has an immense crop of oranges this year, but probably 250,000 boxes less than last year.

The will of the late Samuel E. Sawyer of Gloucester, Mass., gives $395,000 in public bequests.

Mrs. Rogers, wife of Rear Admiral C. P. Rogers, died on Thursday, at Washington, after a long illness.

The people of Western Kansas have been snowed in, before they were fully prepared for it, and there is great suffering.

The LaGrippe has become world wide in its ravages. In Paris there are many fatal cases, and some fatalities in this country.

Leander A. Briggs, defaulting bookkeeper of Foster & Bailey, jewelry manufacturers of Providence, R. I., has given himself up, after having stolen $30,000.

The wind blew at the rate of 65 miles an hour in Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday. No damage is reported. A little of this gale was felt in Maine.

During the twenty-four hours ending Thursday night, there were seven fatal accidents at railroad crossings within the corporate limits of Chicago.

At a special meeting of the stockholders of the Concord, N. H., Horse Railroad, it was voted to adopt electricity as a motive power, and to bond the road not exceeding $50,000 for procuring the plant.

At a church in Shawneetown, Ill., on Tuesday night, a fight took place over a distribution of presents, some of the tags having dropped off. A number of persons were dangerously wounded.

There is an epidemic of diphtheria in Edmunds and MacPherson counties, South Dakota. Thirty deaths have already occurred; one farmer lost six and another four children.

Thomas Smith of Canton, Mass., aged 25 years, died Friday. He had been ill with La Grippe and ventured out before he entirely recovered. The illness developed into pneumonia with the stated result.

The ex-Empress of Brazil, the wife of the deposed Dom Pedro, died at Oporto, Saturday, having been ill but a short time. Dom Pedro is crushed by his added affliction, and great anxiety is felt for him.

The gale of Thursday was sweeping in Boston, its velocity for some minutes was 54 miles an hour, west. Signs, flagstaffs, branches of trees and towers came blowing down. In South Boston, an unfinished house was blown down.

It is estimated that there are 150 cases of typhoid fever in Jersey City, at the present time, caused by impure drinking water from the Passaic river. It is a well known fact that if a glass of Passaic water is allowed to stand a few hours, a sediment collects at the bottom, and it emits a very foul odor.

Steamship Sirius, which left Rio Janeiro December 4, and arrived at New York, Thursday, reports that several foreign war ships, among them the United States steamer Richmond, had arrived in the harbor, and that quietness reigned in the city, but that a riot had taken place in the Rio Grande district, although no particulars could be learned up to the time of sailing.

The Pittsburg Southern Coal Company, a syndicate of the large river coal operators of Pittsburg, Pa., formed three years ago, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, will go into liquidation at once. The thirteen firms comprising the company will hereafter do business on their own account. The trouble is principally due to some members of the company, who are selling coal in opposition to the company.

On Friday night Wm. Major of Mt. Vernon, Michigan, killed his wife, his daughter and his granddaughter. The murderer shot his wife as she lay asleep, mortally wounding her. Going then, into the apartment occupied by his daughter and her child, he fired a bullet at Mrs. Degew, and when he failed to kill her he procured an axe and knocked out her brains. Then he pulled his little granddaughter from beneath the clothes and with one blow of his axe split her head open, killing her instantly. Then he killed himself.

The principal collieries of the great Wyoming region between Wilkesbarre and Carbondale, Pa., have received orders to suspend operations owing to the dullness of the coal market. About 10,000 miners will be idle in that city by the end of the week. Several of the Delaware, Lackawanna and western companies in and about Scranton, have shut down for an indefinite period. The reason given for the suspension is the paralyzed condition of the coal market, which is said to be overstocked at all points.

At the last term of the Tennessee Supreme Court, the five Barnards, convicted of the murder of Henry Sutton, were sentenced to be hanged. All were pardoned by the governor of the State. A few days ago three of the Barnards and Bill Fugate, who boasts of having killed six men, were in the town of Sampson Williams, father-in-law of the murdered man, with the determination of killing him. Fortunately he was away. On his return he fled for protection. In Hancock county, in the last 20 years, over 30 men have been killed, and not one murderer executed.

It was a sad Christmas at Atlanta, Ga., when all that was mortal of Henry W. Grady was committed to the earth. The body was taken from his late home at 10 o'clock in the morning, under an escort of committees from all organizations to which he belonged and placed in the church, where for three hours a constant stream of people, many from other parts of the country, passed to view the face all loved so well. The ceremonies were performed by five ministers and were of the simplest kind possible. The interment followed at the longest ever seen there. The people of Atlanta will erect a monument to the memory of Mr. Grady. A meeting of young men raised $5000 within one hour.

Captain Jacob Garrett of Springfield, Ohio, received a telegram last Saturday night, announcing the sudden death of his father at Sandusky. The cause assigned for his death was an epileptic fit. Mr. Garrett left at once for Columbus, where the funeral was to be held, and awaited the arrival of the remains. He and other relatives received the body, which had been shipped in the care of a relative. The coffin was opened for a last look, when signs of life were perceived. Restoratives were brought and a physician summoned, and in a short time the supposed dead man was able to speak. He was taken to bed, and now lies there very weak and but still alive, and his relatives are not without hope that he may yet be wrested from death's grip.

A well planned and daring escape from the State prison, Charlestown, Mass., was made about 5 o'clock, Thursday night, by two prisoners, Frank Ritchie, 27 years old and Thomas Conaty, 20 years, sentenced from Springfield for seventeen years each, for breaking and entering James Coomb's factory at Longmeadow, and attempting to kill the proprietor. A block of granite, 14 by 12 inches, in the roof of Ritchie's cell, was removed, allowing free access to the ventilator. Two geography covers were inserted in the space, and the change carefully concealed. Thursday night the prisoners attended the evening school in the chapel as usual. On the return to the cells, Conaty, whose cell is directly opposite Ritchie's, stepped into the latter's cell with him, and quickly made his way into the ventilator. When the officer came around to make the count, they found Conaty's cell vacant. Ritchie responded to his name. The officers at once reported the absentee. When the keepers returned to the cells, Ritchie had flown. The men had provided ropes with which, after they had crawled up the ventilator, they made their way to the roof, thence to the watersput and descended to the prison wall, where they dropped to the ground. They went in different directions. Conaty emerged from the main gate just as Patrolman Moore was pulling in his regular signal from the patrol box opposite. The officer saw Conaty, who started on the run with Moore in a hot chase. After a short trial of speed, the convict was captured. Ten minutes from the time Conaty left the chapel he was brought into the prison office a captive. Ritchie escaped.

There was a sad riot on Christmas day at Jessup, Ga. The trouble began when Chief Marshal Leggett and assistants attempted to arrest Bob Brewer, the notorious negro outlaw and fugitive. Brewer deliberately shot down Assistant Marshal Barnhill, killing him instantly. The Chief Marshal fired on Brewer, but missed him. Brewer shot Leggett through both legs. Brewer and his crowd of ten or twelve men fled to McMillan swamp, a few yards away. The report of guns threw the town into a whirlwind of excitement. The negroes were followed into the swamp by several citizens, among them William Woods and his son. Brewer shot young Woods, killing him instantly. He shot Wood's father in the face. The negroes escaped. The news of the shooting of Woods spread like wildfire over town, and confusion reigned for a time. Jessup seemed to be in the hands of a violent mob. Mayor Hoppe called a meeting, and hasty arrangements were made to protect the town. Seventy-five armed men gathered in a few minutes, and followed Brewer and his party into the swamp. McMillan Bay covers over 400 acres. Brewer is so familiar with its hiding places that the efforts of the posse to locate him in the swamp are regarded as vain. The posse was increased by at least twenty-five armed men before an hour had elapsed, and a picket line was formed to prohibit anybody from coming out of the swamp to the town. Brewer has threatened the life of Assistant Marshal Barnhill since the officers killed Brewer's pal a few weeks ago, while attempting to arrest the colored man for gambling. News reached the authorities that J. W. Ryan, a white man living there, was the instigator of the affray, and a posse was sent to his home to arrest him. Ryan made his escape. The most reliable information is that ten persons were killed.

No praise of ours can equal the sincere faith of those who know Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Easter, this year, comes Apr. 6th.

THE LOVEJOY FAMILY. The sketch by Mrs. N. H. Fossett, inserted in the *Farmer* of December 26th, was very interesting. But the writer's information as to the Albion branch of the family does not seem to have been very full. Rev. Daniel Lovejoy was for many years a Congregational minister in Albion. He was a man of much energy of character, and unlike many other ministers, accumulated a fair property for those times. He had three sons and two daughters. All of them were well educated. Elijah Parish Lovejoy went early to the Western States. I was then publishing the *Hallowell Gazette*, and received several interesting letters from him, which were printed in the paper, describing the country, the people, the scenery, &c. He settled in Alton, Illinois, and started an anti-slavery newspaper. The people of Alton had not got their eyes open then, and they mobbed his office, threw his types out of the window, and his press into the river, and finally shot and killed him. The blood of the martyr, as usual, helped the cause, instead of hindering it. Afterwards his younger brother, Owen Lovejoy, was repeatedly elected to Congress from the same State, as an anti-slavery member. Joseph O. Lovejoy taught school in Hallowell, first in a public school, and afterwards in the Academy. He made his mark as an admirable teacher, equalled by few. He married Sarah, the only daughter of Samuel Moody, Esq., usually called Preceptor Moody, having taught the Academy a long period in that capacity, as did Preceptor Moody's death she inherited considerable property for those times, fifty years ago. Her husband was settled in Oldtown, or Orono, as a Congregational minister. He engaged in the then prevailing land speculation in that section, and was unfortunate, as many others were in 1837. They returned to Hallowell, and Mr. Lovejoy was engaged for several years as a temperance and anti-slavery agent, speaker and editor. Then they removed to Massachusetts, and he was for a while pastor of a Congregational church, I think in Cambridge. Afterwards he changed, and to the grief of his old friends, was employed to advocate the cause of the liquor sellers. It was thought by some that he became partially insane, as his father was in his last days. Of the daughters of Daniel Lovejoy, Sybil assisted her brother in the Hallowell Academy, and was considered a fine teacher. She and all her brothers have been long dead. Elizabeth married a professor in a college at Evanston, near Chicago, and is believed to be now living. The whole family was distinguished by great force of character and ability. H. K. B.

Items and Incidents.

Professor Brooks of Smith Observatory, Geneva, N. Y., discovered a new comet on Wednesday evening.

"We Point With Pride"

To the "Good name at home," won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood, try Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its peculiar curative power.

Charles Steinberg of New York, could not buy a present for his sweetheart, so he committed suicide.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.

A despatch from Mentone says that the throat ailment of Mr. Spurgeon, the well-known London divine, has assumed a grave aspect. The doctors in attendance diagnose the case as one of gout. Mr. Spurgeon also suffers severely with pain in his knees.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

Tea culture in India is making such progress, under improved methods and with suitable machinery, that the planters believe that within a few years India tea can be sold in Europe and America at from 10 to 15 cents a pound, supplanting the China tea which sell at from 25 cents up.

For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

It is claimed that Claus Spreckles' new sugar refinery, when run to its full capacity, will turn out 2,000,000 pounds of sugar during every 24 hours' run.

Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Side or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you, free, a sample bottle of FLORALEXION, which is a sure cure. Send today. 15t50

The President went on a duck hunting expedition, Thursday.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Live within your income, because it is very inconvenient to live without it.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

It's all over the country. The New York *World* even heads its joke column "Smiles Between Sneezes."

PATTEN ITEMS. The going around Patten is very good; yet a little more snow would be a convenience to some, especially for lumbering, considerable lumbering being done at the present time.——Mr. A. G. Grant lately killed a pig seven months old, which dressed 336 lbs., its principal food being raw potatoes and skim milk. Mr. Joshua Goodwin killed one weighing 318 lbs. There is some very nice stock in town that can be found very handily.——Mr. C. W. Smith of Shenan, recently slaughtered a pig, the weight being 325 lbs.——Mr. William Campbell of Hersey, and Mr. Frank Weymouth of Patten, have gone into insolvency. Their liabilities are very small.——Mr. Campbell is at present at Portland Hospital. We are glad to hear there are hopes of a cure. Miss Helen Smith, who has been an invalid for so long a time, also starts in a few days for the hospital, where the prayers of a sympathetic public will follow, that one so amiable may with God's blessing, return home with recovered health.—The roads, fields and ponds are full of happy coasters and skaters. The slight rains we have had gives such healthgiving sports a long run, which seems to be fully appreciated by all. S. E.

CATARRH—CATARRHAL DEAFNESS—HAY FEVER—A NEW HOME TREATMENT. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above. 1y2

CONSERVATISM VS. THE RAGE FOR NOVELTIES. The Seed Annual for 1890, issued by D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Michigan, has reached our table. Its cover this year is especially artistic and attractive, and its contents, as usual, interesting and instructive. Ferry's seeds are thoroughly reliable, and always come true. The directions given in the Annual for the cultivation of both flowers and vegetables are so full and explicit that no one can fail of success who uses their seeds and follows the instructions.

D. M. Ferry & Co., are very conservative, both in offering new sorts and in their claims for them when offered; but they take pains to inform themselves as to the true character of all new varieties, so if some much lauded novelties are not found in the Annual, the probability is they have tested them and found them of no value.

A request sent to the firm at Detroit, Michigan, will bring you a copy of the Seed Annual for 1890 by return mail.

A SEEDSMAN'S ENTERPRISE. J. J. H. GREGORY, the well known seeds man, proposes to distribute free among his customers of this season, a year's subscription to one hundred agricultural publications, to be selected by the fortunate ones from a list to be sent them, which will include all the papers and magazines of this class published in this country. Full details will be found in his catalogue, advertised in our columns. Of course this is an advertising enterprise, but of a character which will permit all to wish well to both the parties concerned. In response to frequently repeated solicitations he has a likeness of himself in his catalogue of this year.

For Abuse of Alcohol
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. E. CRANE, Mitchell, Dak., says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and, at the same time allays the fear of impending dissolution, that is so common to heavy drinkers."

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.
[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Dec. 31, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
C. H. Merrill,	15	174	31
Merrill & Dobie,			
Walker & Ricker,	19		8
Trafton & McIntire,	20		14
S. H. Wardwell,	24		6
O. W. Rolf,	6		
H. L. Libby,	6	198	7
W. W. Hall,	27		16
D. Libby,	10		11
Taylor & Dennison,	15		46
B. W. Harriman,	16		10
J. H. Gilman,	9	96	11
Holt & Thompson,	19	238	14
Bailey Bros.,	20		
Shepherd & Whitney,	20		17
I. C. Libby & Sons,	40		28
J. S. Webster,		250	
J. Y. Keazer,	9	80	
Fish & Gleason,	11		13
Gilnes & Weston,	6		

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 2,412; sheep, 5,205; hogs, 22,913; veals, 690; horses, 448.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Twenty-five full loaded cars, containing 288 cattle, 1,056 sheep, 218 veal calves, with 33 horses.

CATTLE FOR EXPORT.

Cattle shipped to England the past week, from Boston, was 3,186 head, against 1,025 head last week; a shade better market is quoted—5¾ @ 6c, or 11¼c dressed weight.

TONE OF THE MARKET HERE.

Cattle—A larger supply of up-roaders. The traffic was less active, and butchers were loath to pay last week's rates.

Sheep market in sympathy with the cattle trade; still fair returns, with fancy at 6 to 6¼c.

Hogs—Unchanged in value, as received from the west at 4¼ to 4¾c, against 5¼c last January.

Veals—Less activity, with increased supply; ½c off; only very fancy at 6c.

Milch cows—Only extra cows are sought for, and these not plenty.

Horses—Only fast ones wanted just now; common roaders neglected.

MAINE SALES AT WATERTOWN.

J. F. Lawry was at market, buying half a car load to take to Amesbury, Mass., on an order from C. H. Jones, to eat up a lot of hay. J. Y. Keazer sold 2 steers, 2510 lbs., at 3½c. Fish & Gleason sold 4 oxen at 4½c. Trafton & McIntire sold 14 veals, averaging 100 lbs., for 5½c; 1 yearling bull, $8. S. H. Wardwell, 5 veals, averaging 90 lbs., for $18; 2 two-year-old heifers, 916 per head; 1 milch cow and calf for $40. C. H. Merrill sold 1 fancy Dutch cow for $50, one for $47, one at $42, and one at $40; 31 veals, averaging 120 lbs., for 5½c. W. W. Hall & Son sold his choice herd of oxen to J. A. Hathaway, 14 head, 24,740 lbs., at 4½c, to be shipped on steamer to England. B. W. Harriman sold 6 oxen, estimated to dress 1200 lbs. each, at 6c dressed weight; veals for 5½c. J. S. Weller sold sheep that averaged 105 lbs., at 4½c; lambs at 6c. Gilman sheep and lambs brought 5c; veals, 5c; live weight. J. C. Libby sold 10 new milch cows and springers for $410, the lot. Merrill & Doble sold 44 lambs, averaging 73 lbs., at 6c; 130 sheep, averaging 103 lbs., at 4¾c.

REMARKS.

This, the closing week of the year, is a representative one at this market. It is going to the close with full and overstocked numbers of all classes of live stock, too many for a healthy trade; yet some classes hold up and go out with a good record. In looking back over this whole year's transactions, we deduce the following facts. Beef in all of its various grades and qualities has averaged to sell two cents per pound lower than for the preceding year. Sheep and lambs; strange to note, have brought at least an average cent per pound higher price live weight, than the previous year. Veal calves, on account of the disposition of the New England farmer to go out of cattle raising, consequently selling all the calves, have been very plenty and sold for one cent per pound less than last year. Pork started in well, but the great western products have levelled the price down to last years range. Milch cows have been forwarded in abundance for the supply, yet prices particularly on the better goods, has been fully sustained, and the whole shipment has sold at as much per head this year as last. Working oxen and store cattle will look back to the past season as one where their importance has not been appreciated as they have been; the channel of prices never heretofore heard of, so low as to make their production a losing affair, and to drive Maine farmers out of the business. The folly of this epoch of fancy prices on store cattle is most certainly apparent when we consider the fact that surplus hay and straw remains unsold in nearly every barn in Maine, which if shipped away would not pay for pressing and freight. This low priced hay fed and the poorer store cattle almost given away, would enable us to produce some beef at a profit now if sold at the present low price. Lessons should be learned from the past by which we are to shape our future, and this year's cattle traffic is a strong lesson of itself.

I. C. LIBBY.

STATISTICS OF THE BOSTON LIVE STOCK MARKET, FOR THE YEAR 1889. We present herewith an annual statement of the amount of live stock at the Watertown and Brighton cattle yards, showing the increase or decrease, as compared with the nine preceding years, prepared by Mr. Geo. J. Fox, live stock reporter:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Veals.
1880....	167,342	340,670	88,563	1,143,314	9,178
1881....	194,418	358,490	53,274	1,038,827	7,191
1882....	192,966	391,476	99,444	1,039 693	6,911
1883....	113,316	574,089	43,063	921,735	9,031
1884....	112,936	639,974	64,010	781,483	6,959
1885....	139,465	668,041	88,979	786,110	9,154
1886....	161,163	648,700	39,711	762,756	19,001
1887....	180,360	620,000	85,643	807,949	6,599
1888....	204,928	595,828	82,513	761,834	7,096
1889....	212,413	605,440	85,731	811,809	6,936
1870....	183,556	479,327	17,597	882,615	1,557

The following figures represent stock from Maine:

Cattle, quarter ending Mar. 27.			1,746
" " "	June 26.		1,119
" " "	Sept. 25.		1,821
" " "	Dec. 30.		1,813
Total,			6,202
" 1888.			10,116
" 1887.			9,622
" 1886.			9,518
" 1885.			9,154
" 1884.			11,090
" 1883.			6,602
Sheep, quarter ending Mar. 27.			1,498
" " "	June 26.		31
" " "	Sept. 25.		7,197
" " "	Dec. 25.		30,676
Total, 1889.			39,394
" 1888.			19,009
" 1887.			38,853
" 1886.			45,758
" 1885.			49,230
" 1884.			4,789
" 1883.			9,600

During the past year, the increase of cattle at market has reached 42 926 head. The increase does not come from the New England States, as our figures show a decrease from 1888 of 2,954 head, while the increase from the west was 53,095. Home butchers have a dash at the western, as they cannot find all they want of northern.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Dec. 31.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. The butter market has been slow and unsatisfactory during the week, and prices have been barely maintained. For the finest fresh creamery in round lots, is hard to get over 25 cents per pound, and most of the well known brands could be brought for 24 cents. Fresh butter not fully up in quality has to be sold at about what buyers will pay, say from 18 to 22 cents. Held stock, except in first class order, has ruled very dull and prices are nominal. Western June creamery may be quoted at 15 to 18 cents, but it could probably be bought for less. Common grades take a lower range.

In the cheese market there has been the usual light trade incidental to the close of the year. Small sales of full cream run along at 10 to 11 cents, and good skims at 7 to 9 cents per pound.

Eggs have ruled steady at 25 to 26 cents for fresh Eastern and 23 to 25 cents for Western. Some fancy marks of Michigan go up to 26 cents. Dealers have had a fairly successful year, as most of the ice house stock has been disposed of at a profit.

Beans show no indications of a change, one way or the other. Sales of choice mediums and large pea as $1 80 to $1.90, and small pea at $2 and $2 25 per bushel. Improved yellow eyes move fairly at about $3 per bushel. Foreign beans range from $1.50 to $1.90 per bushel.

Potatoes have been in fair request at 70 cents for best Houlton rose, and 60 to 68 cents per bushel for other kinds.

Apples rule quiet at $2 50 to $3.00 per barrel for No. 1 Baldwins.

Hay continues in over supply and dull. Choice grades command $16 to $17, but most of the receipts rule at $10 to $15. Rye straw steady at $15 to $17.

Augusta City Market.
[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1.

APPLES—Evaporated, 8@11c per lb.; dried 4c; green apples 60@75c per bushel; Baldwins and Greenings, $3 00@3 50 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans $3 50; Yellow Eyes $3 50@3 75.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 10@12c.

BUTTON SEED BEAN—40 per cwt.

EGGS—Limed, 18@19c; fresh, 24@25c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 00@5 50; Patent 6 00@6 50.

GRAIN—Corn 55c; oats 45c; barley 75c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3½c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4c; bulls and stags, 2½c; calf skins, 5@6c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 6¼@6¾c.

MEAL—Corn 50@55; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 00 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 5@6c; ham 13@13c; chickens 15@15c; fowls 12c; mutton 8c; lambs 7@8c; veals 6@7c; turkeys 16@18c; round hog 5@5½c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 65@75c per bushel; cabbages, 1c; squash, 1c; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 40c per bu.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 25, by Rev. H. S. Whitman, Fred S. Freeman of Portland, to Ida W. Cyphers of Augusta.

In this city, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. B. Jordan, Lester Teague to Mrs. May C. Dutton, both of Augusta.

In Auburn, Dec. 25, George E. McLean to Hattie J. Peables, both of Auburn; Dec. 24, George A. Cole to C. Emma Vining, both of Auburn; Dec. 24, Chester L. Farris of Auburn, to Grace L. Varney of Lewiston; Dec. 24, George C. Daley to Carrie M. Pratt, both of Auburn.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Geo. M. Blanchard of East Cambridge, Mass., to Annie E. Durgin of Bangor; Dec. 24, Frank H. Hanson to Eugenie Russell, both of Bangor; Dec. 25, Henry D. Harvey of West Levant, to Mrs. Mary L. Eldridge of Bangor; Dec. 25, Alonzo P. Oakes of Foxcroft, to Delia E. Wiley of Bangor; Dec. 24, William A. Merrick of Hermon, to Etheretta H. Clement of Bangor.

In Belfast, Dec. 24, Edwin W. Heath to Flora J. White, both of Belfast; Dec. 21, Samuel Mayo of Belmont, to Isabella Poor of Belfast.

In Bath, Dec. 21, Daniel E. McKeen to E. Ada Lent, both of Bath; Dec. 31, Fred H. Ward of Brunswick, to Grace I. Brawn of Bath.

In Baldwin, Dec. 21, Leroy Boynton of Brownfield, to Edna F. Rowe of Baldwin.

In Benton, Nov. 28, Dana Richardson to Olive N. Atwood.

In Biddeford, Dec. 21, Arthur A. Burleigh to Eva A. L. Baker.

In Bremen, Dec. 22, Stephen F. Martin to Arvilla Oster, both of Bremen.

In Brooks, Dec. 25, Chas. H. Bray of Baltimore, to Nellie Whitmore, formerly of Gardiner.

In Carlton, Dec. 24, Frank Thompson to Sadie Brown, both of Carlton.

In Centreville, Grand Manan, Dec. 12, Alexander Linton of Grand Manan, to Catharine D. Hunter of the same place.

In Cushing, Dec. 24, Robert E. McLain of Bremen, to Mary A. Elwell of Muscongus Isle, Bristol.

In Eastport, Roscoe Wilson of Two Islands, Grand Manan, to Nellie M. Joy of South Head.

In East Vassalboro, Dec. 30, Thomas B. Nichols, aged nearly 77 years. A well known member of the Society of Friends.

In Freeport, Dec. 24, Herman J. Thompson of Chebeague Island, to Annie E. Payson of Freeport.

In Gardiner, Dec. 24, Capt. Reuben Eastman to Bertha Clark, both of Gardiner.

In Houlton, Dec. 18, Charles Hanning to Annie Bymoo, both of Linneus.

In Jefferson, Dec. 25, Edwin H. Averill of Alna, to Lucy A. Moody of Jefferson.

In Lewiston, Dec. 31, Chester L. Grover of Lewiston, to Susie M. Smith of Auburn; Louis A. Zolgier to Nellie Wheaton, both of Lewiston.

In Monson, Dec. 18,

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

New Year Bells.

Hark to the bells!
O'er all the land the New Year bells are ringing,
To each and all new hopes and motives bringing;
Of a new life and gladness and gladness singing;
O'er all the past's mistakes a curtain flinging;
Ringing, ringing;
Singing, singing;
To burdened hearts a loving message winging,
Telling new joys, and still to old ones clinging;
From hardened hearts remorseful teardrops wringing,
From their bright chimes old hopes to life are springing;
Ringing, ringing;
Singing, singing;
Hark to the New Year bells!

List to the bells!
The New Year chimes in happy tones are swelling,
Bringing new hopes to rich and humble dwelling;
Up from the very fount of gladness welling;
Of coming joy and future pleasure telling;
Swelling, swelling;
Welling, welling;
Over past sins and failures sadly knelling;
Ingratitude and rashness quickly felling;
Now at deceit in mad derision yelling;
Now some rash word a rising madness quelling;
Swelling, swelling;
Welling, welling;
List to the New Year bells!

Welcome the bells!
Still through the air the melliow tones are rolling,
Healing sad hearts, and bitter grief consoling;
For some loved lost one now they're sadly tolling;
Singing with glad hearts, with the sad condoling;
Rolling, rolling;
Tolling, tolling;
Now in round, merry, joyful cadence bowling;
All evil passions curbing and controlling;
Through merry hearts their happy chimes are rolling
To the charmed ears of happy lovers strolling;
Rolling, rolling;
Tolling, tolling;
Welcome the glad New Year bells!

Hear the glad bells!
O'er hill and valley still their chimes are sounding;
In merry gice and sportive gladness bounding;
Their melliow tones in perfect measure rounding;
At hardened hearts in sweet entreaty bounding;
Sounding, sounding;
Rounding, rounding;
Still in those merry, happy tones resounding;
Now in mad, gleeful close astounding;
A happy creed of love and good will founding;
A peaceful reign of charity expounding;
Sounding, sounding;
Rounding, rounding;
Hark to the glad New Year bells!

Sweet, merry bells!
"Be true! be true!" the happy chimes are pealing,
The Savior's love and charity revealing;
"Begin anew!" How sweet the tones come stealing
To closets where the penitent are kneeling.
Pealing, pealing;
Stealing, stealing;
Now in a new direction quickly wheeling,
In an intoxicating gladness reeling;
Now in a sweet tone, resonant with feeling,
Many shortcomings and mistakes concealing;
Pealing, pealing;
Stealing, stealing;
Sweet, merry, New Year bells!

Glad New Year bells!
Now ringing, winging, springing, singing, swelling;
Now rolling, rolling, bowling, doling, knelling;
Now sounding, bounding, rounding, bounding, dwelling;
Now pealing, stealing, wheeling, reeling, telling
Of merry chimes,
Of happy times;
Ringing, pealing,
Singing, reeling;
List the glad New Year bells.

CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

WITH THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

New Year's eve; and clear, cold and bright. Out on the chill air floats now and then the sweet, sad tones of a waltz; and with the maddening rythm of the music comes the bell-like ring of happy laughter. The sound of old Ocean's voice comes as an undertone to the whole, and the scene is lighted inside the house by the brilliant lamp-light, outside, on the beach, by the twinkling stars and the golden gleam of the moon. Inside, all is glare and glitter; outside, by the water's edge it twinkle and sheen. Inside is noise, mad music, love, hate, jealously, and Fashion's pretty deceits; out under the stars all is calm and peace. Inside, a girl is being swept along to the slow, dreamy measure of the waltz, on the strong arm of a man whose face as he bends over her seems wondrously like her own. Like, save its sternness; and she listens as he whispers words, to which she makes her face pale, and her breath to come in quick, choking gasps; outside, a man waits alone down by the sea, then impatiently runs up the steps and looks in the window, and smiles gladly as he hears the last crashing sound of the band, and knows the waltz is finished. Then his eyes turn toward the door, eagerly, and with a great light in them, and he springs forward to fold the wrap he carries in his arm around the slim figure of the girl who creeps into his arms with a little moaning sob. Inside, fair faces gleam, red lips smile, bright eyes flash under the lamp-light; outside, the stars look sadly down on two broken hearts.

The dance is given by Fred Murray, a wealthy young merchant in Boston, who has invited a merry party of friends to join in a big sleigh ride, to be followed by a dance in the cottage which is his summer home. The man who has charge of the house has been notified, and with the aid of his wife has the house in perfect order, and a tempting supper prepared. As the happy guests finish the meal, which is highly appreciated, and prepare for the hop which is to follow, they seem to throw off some of Fashion's restraints, and in the warm fire light fancy they are summering on the beach.

After the waltz is finished Fred Murray leads his sister to a seat and leaves her, not noticing that a man who has been at his side as his back is turned, and while she is sobbing in her lover's arms, he has turned to chat with some stylish Miss, feeling that he has done his duty by his sister, and by the mother who had intrusted her to his care.

The lovers have walked down to the water, and his arm holds the wrap closely around her loved form, as he strains her to his breast and let's her sobbe her; but his white lips do not part, and he only hears the low sobbing voice as she says:

"I must go in."

"Not yet. O, just a moment more. Can you not grant me even a moment more of heaven, after dooming me forever after to the miseries of hell?"

No answer save her sobs. Then the music of another waltz comes out to them as if mocking their agony.

Nothing inside the house is in sympathy with them, but here they can hear the voice of each wave as it rolls to their feet, sounding its little moan of sympathy; and can see it retreat, leaving after it a little faint streak of phosphorescent light. The moon has hidden her sympathetic face in a veiling cloud, and the wind shrieks and sobs over the deserted cottages, the long stretch of undisturbed sand, and the measureless breadth of the heaving sea.

Again she tries to go; but he begs for another moment yet, and they stand there with their eyes on the misty waves and the streaks of gliding sparks at their feet.

"I wonder if it is an emblem!" her voice sounds sad and hopeless.

"What, darling?"

"The phosphorescent light. I wonder if the wave of sorrow which is now rolling over us, will ever retreat and leave a light of hope behind?"

"My little love, you break my heart! There must be a hope somewhere. It cannot be that this is the end. 'End!' What a dismal word it is! It cannot be all over between us darling. Let us take comfort from the sparks of light which the dark waves leave, and *hope*. O, love, we *must* hope, or we cannot bear it!"

His voice breaks and his arms draw her closer still into his embrace. There is no light on the face she lifts to his.

"I see no hope. You do not know Fred as I do. He will never let me back his words; and I promised mother to obey him, especially in this matter."

"Oh, darling, if you had not promised!"

"She was dying, and I did not know what my promise meant."

"And he will never relent?"

"No, never! He hates you. I do not know why. He thinks you are a fortune hunter. O, Ronald, it is hard, but we must part! He uses his authority and holds me to my promise."

A mad, sweet strain of music comes out to them. A few of the loungers hide were their feet; but they do not heed as they realize that the moment of parting has come. The music ceases, and she shudders.

"I must go. Fred will miss me, and be looking for me. I must say 'good bye.'"

The sound of bells comes to them as the clocks chime the midnight hour.

"The year is dying!" he cries. "And so is the best part of me. O, love, what a sad beginning for the glad new year!"

He presses his lips to hers once more as he whispers "good-bye," and leaves her there while her white lips are repeating, "The glad new year."

She watches him for a moment, then enters by a side door and meets her brother. He starts as he sees her face. He asks sharply, "Where have you been?"

"Out on the beach."

"Alone?"

"No."

"Is Ae here?"

"No, he has gone."

"And you?"

"I sent him away."

"You are a good girl; but you are nearly frozen. Sit here by the fire and warm yourself."

He tries to take her in his arms, but she waves him away with a cold horror on her face; and as he turns away, he hears her murmur: "In the glad new year."

CHAPTER II.

Spring has budded, summer has bloomed, autumn has faded, and winter has chilled once more, and again the year is dying.

The tides are very high, and Fred Murray is anxious about his cottage at the beach. He is afraid the waves may damage it, and decides to go down to see if it is all right. He is all ready for a start when he sees his sister's pale face at the window. A sudden idea comes to him, he will take her with him.

She really does look pale; paler than usual to-night, though she looks pale all the time, now. Perhaps he has neglected her lately. He has been very busy, and she is not sick. Only pale and quiet. That is nothing, she is older. She is not sick or he would know it of course; but—she does not look well. Strange that he has not noticed it before! Others have, and told him she was not well, but he has laughed at the idea, and to satisfy them has even called in medical aid, and that authority has agreed with him that nothing is wrong with her physically. Physically! pshaw! as if anything could trouble her in any other way! If she has not gotten over that nonsense of a year ago it is time she had—that is all. If she is still sorrowing over that good-for-nothing fortune hunter, she is a silly, love-sick girl, and he had given her credit for more sense. Girls do not know what is best for them that is very evident.

He finishes his soliloquy as he puts extra rugs and shawls into the sleigh, and runs up the stairs into the house to ask the object of his anxious thought if she would like a sleigh ride.

She assents with an air of listlessness which says very plainly that she does not care, and they are soon on the road. She does not ask where he is going, she does not care. She settles back in the soft cushions with a little sigh, and looks vacantly at the people as they pass, passing many acquaintances with a vacant stare; then at the snowy landscape as they turn out of the city.

Even now, she does not ask him where he is taking her, and he is a little vexed at her silence and very evident lack of interest. He says:

"I am going to the beach to see to the cottage."

"There? O no! I had rather stay at home."

"Why?"

"I do not care to go."

"We are half way there, and I must go. The tides are very high and I am anxious to see if the cottage is safe."

No answer, as she sinks back into the sleigh. Then he speaks again.

"You do not seem to share my anxiety about the cottage."

"I was thinking of something else."

"So I supposed. Of Ronald Pierce, probably."

She does not answer, and he grows angry.

"Tell me. Was I right?"

His authoritative tone rouses her, and sends a flush of resentment to her face as she turns coldly away and says:

"Last year you ruled my action; to-night you cannot command my thoughts."

He makes no answer; but the horse darts swiftly ahead at a sharp cut of the whip which is almost an unknown luxury on his spirited flesh. The sleigh flashes ahead like a meteor, but not another word is spoken until the beach is reached, where the sullen roar of the angry, high-pitched waves baffles any attempt at conversation. As they near the cottage he shouts:

"You hold the horse a minute, while I find out where the people are; if they are here."

He gives the reins into her hands and she takes them without a word, and looks through the tears in her eyes, which she cannot keep back, at the desolate scene where her happiness died one year ago. She feels as if she was visiting for the first time the grave of some loved one, and the tears which she no longer tries to keep back, fall heavily on her little gloved hands.

Her brother has gone up to the house. All is silence and desolation; the waves roar and leave no sparks of light behind. A step crushes the sand close by her side; a little cry bursts from her lips; the frightened horse plunges forward, close to the water's edge; the sleigh upsets; a huge wave rolls up and covers the whole. One moment of horror, then a man's form shoots through the keen air; a man's strong arms beat back the hungry waves; a man's horror-filled eyes close for a moment as the agonized heart breathes a voiceless prayer; he, too, is gone down into the ocean's dark depths.

The horse, frightened at the cold waves, turns homeward with flying hoofs, with the clattering fragments of the sleigh.

Fred Murray comes round the corner of the cottage, and looks in surprise as he sees the team of his visitors. He listens to the sound of flying hoofs and clattering ruins and his face pales.

"Great God! Can she be hurt—dead? His only sister!"

His heart stands still, then sinks like lead in his bosom. He calls aloud.

"Nora! Nora!" but no voice answers save the voice of old Ocean, and he does not heed his reply.

What is that? A dark form on the beach; a struggling, staggering form. Ah! It has sunk down now on the sand.

He flies down onto the beach and gazes at the lifeless form. A curse rises to his lips, but dies unuttered as he bends over the face of the man he hates, to the burden in the chilling arms which are fast freezing about their loved captive.

Another light creeps through the hate on his face, but does not banish it, as he unclasps the helpless arms and takes his lifeless sister from the cold, wet breast of her unheeding rescuer, to which not even her nearness can bring back a warmth.

He carries her to the house, and giving her into the care of the woman he had found there, he calls the man to his aid, and for humanity's sake, goes back to the beach and brings the stiffening form of the man who has saved his sister, into the house.

He does not understand the situation at all. How came Ronald Pierce here? What means his sister being in the water? What frightened the horse?

He is very busy, all the time he is thinking and puzzling over the strange case.

At last his sister opens her eyes and asks: "Where is he?"

She seems frightened, and looks around her nervously.

"He is here."

"Is he dead?"

"I do not know. We are doing all we can to save him."

"Do not let him die. You have been cruel to me. You have brought me back to life, now save him."

"Did you mean to do this?"

"No. The horse was frightened."

"How did *he* happen to be here?"

Human tells. He did not come to meet me. I did not know I was coming. God sent him to save me; now you save him."

He leaves her and works for hours, aided by the man, before he sees any sign of life in the man he has to bring back to life almost against his will.

The clock strikes twelve. The white lids flutter, and the stiff lips murmur, "With the glad new year."

"He starts back as if struck, and going to the door of his sister's room, hears her sobbing cry, "O God! Can I have nothing better than a loveless life given back to me with the glad new year?"

He shuts his mouth close, and goes back to his watch. If he feels a little troubled, she will never know it. He will never change his mind for a man's delirium or a woman's sentimental tears. His face hardens, his eyes grow stern, and pity flies away as his heart closes to shut out the softened spirit of the infant year.

CHAPTER III.

New year's eve again; and Nora Murray looks out on the blinding storm, with a wild look of agony in the eyes which look unnaturally large in the white, pinched face. Her hands are tightly clenched and hanging listlessly before her, and her heart feels no thrill of gladness which naturally comes with the birthday of a strong, spotless year.

She is very frail, and her friends are anxious about her. Her brother is very tender with her now; but the one subject is never mentioned between them. She has never seen the man she loves so hopelessly lost as he sprang into the water after her. She was not even allowed to see him to thank him for having saved her life. All she knows of him is that he is in Europe; all she thinks is that when he comes back, he can come to her where she will be lying, and no one will say him nay. No one will shut him from the white-housed home where she will await him.

Her brother enters the room, but she does not look up. Something in the desolate attitude and hopeless look touches him, and he asks:

"Have you been alone all day?"

"Yes."

"Have you been out?"

"No. It has been storming, and I thought you might object to my going out."

"I do not think it would harm you. The air is not very sharp though it is snowing. You need not feel so much fear of displeasing me. I am not so unreasonable as to wish to keep you in all the time. You look as if a good drive might do you good. If there is any place where you care to go, I will tell John to drive you there. Go and have a pleasant evening with some friend. It is the last of the year."

He sees her shiver as he says the last words, and says softly:

"I hate to see you looking so. I do not wish to lose you. I know your last two New Year's days have been very unhappy. If you can do anything to make to-morrow a happy day, I shall be glad."

She looks out through the pane and takes very little interest in what he says.

He is very anxious concerning her. All last winter he longed for the balmy winds of spring. All through the spring she had failed slowly; all summer she had been like a shadow of herself, and the cooler winds of autumn, instead of bringing back life and strength, had brought a cough and greater weakness, and he is very much afraid he will lose her for all time.

Seeing that she takes so little notice of his words, he kisses her tenderly and goes out. This unusual demonstration of affection unnerves her and she cries a little softly, as he goes down the street under the window.

After a little she dries her tears, and acting on the impulse of the moment, decides that she will go out, and calls a servant and orders a close carriage, and hastily throwing on a warm wrap and soft hood, is ready when the carriage drives round to the door.

The wondering coachman helps her in; hears her order in a still greater wonder, and snaps the whip in a dazed sort of a way, and the carriage glides off on the swiftly gliding runners over the glistening roads, and the snow, falling in a soft, thick cloud, shows every thing dimly, as through a veil.

After looking out at the blurring landscape for awhile, she sinks back into the cushions and dreams sad, misty, waking dreams until the sound of the surf arouses her, and the carriage stops, and the jingle of the bells is stilled, and she has reached her destination.

The well trained servant opens the door and she says:

"You may drive on a little way to keep the horses warm. I shall stop here at the house for a little while."

She turns toward the cottage, and the horses start with a cloud of sand, a jingle of bells, a snap of the whip, and the carriage is soon out of sight.

She does not go to the cottage; she turns back toward the beach, and stands there where she had bade her lover good-bye two years ago, and where he had saved her from death one year ago, and reaching her yearning arms out over the great mass of rolling power, as if to reach him on the other side of its boundless bosom, she sobs softly.

The snow falls on the soft, dark hood, and white-dots the gray cloak. It fringes the dark lashes and melts lovingly on the pale face, and mingles with the hot tears in the sad eyes. She hears a step behind her, but she is not frightened. She waits for it to pass; it does not pass; it stops beside her, and still she does no turn. Then she hears a voice which could almost call her back from death, say:

"Nora."

"Half lost in a sad, waking dream, she answers:

"Yes, love, I hear you. My soul has gone out to you over the water, and brought an answer to me. I came here to-night to send a message to you over our waves we used to love so well; and you have answered me. The light is here, love; just as it was two years ago. It means hope. O, love, hasten, and come back to see me before I die."

She sinks on her knees and touches tenderly and reverently the cold waves and the sparks of light. She takes a handful of the sparkling sand in her cold little hand and throws it into the deep water. She bends her head until her lips touch the cold waves, and cries:

"Go to him, great wave; carry my kiss to him, with the hope I have given you to bear to his lonely heart. Tell him to send me a message, and I will come here for it, bye-and-bye. He is with me now. I heard his step, his voice. Bring me a message, a loving message, or my heart will break."

She rises and turns toward the cottage, and the moon struggles through a cloud, and the snow ceases as she staggers up the beach. Again she hears her name, low and sweet enough to come on the ocean's breath.

"Nora, love, do not be frightened; I am here."

"I am not frightened." The tears clear from her eyes and she sees him standing beside her. She does not speak to him, only turns to the sea and cries:

"O, my strong friend! You did not wait to bring me a message, you have sent him to me."

The awe-struck man springs and catches her as she fails, and strains her to his heart. The sound of bells and hoofs grows near on the clear air, and the carriage stops beside them.

* * * * *

It is nearly midnight, and Fred Murray waits for his sister in the room where he bade her good-bye, and wonders where she can be. He walks the floor from the window to the door, until at last the sound of the carriage greets his ear. He opens the door.

What does it mean? He is not the coachman who helps her from the carriage; who steadies her steps up the stairs; who stands by her side as she holds out her hands to him, and cries:

"O, Fred! forgive me. You told me if I could make my new year happy, you would be glad. O, be glad now, for sweet Love's sake, for the ocean sent him back to me, and to-morrow will be the happiest day of my life, for he is my husband, and I love him so."

The dazed man stands for a moment, then reaches a hand to each and leads them into the bright, warm room. Then he stoops and kisses the radiant face which he can hardly believe is the same one he kissed a few hours ago; and he leaves the room without a word.

She goes to the window, and as her husband follows her, they both look out on the white world glistening under the moon's gleaming glow. And as she clasps the hand which steals round her waist, she says:

"Ronald! It *was* hope the ocean sent us two years ago."

They think as the bells toll the dirge of the dying year and the welcome to the new, and Fred enters the room. As she turns to him he says in a trembling voice:

"I wish you both all happiness with the glad new year. CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

Choice Miscellany.

Story of the Stampede.

Cyclones and hurricanes continue to devastate; prairie fires and cloud-bursts desolate and destroy; the rivers rise from their beds and drown many in the muddy waters; but the tragedy of the buffalo stampede is never to be exacted again. It was a mighty terror of the plains, more to be feared than a war party of Apaches; more to be feared than the billows licking up the long, dry grass.

It is high noon on the great plains of Central Nebraska.

An emigrant party, composed of a dozen wagons and as many families, has halted on the Loup Fork of the Platte River to cook dinner and rest their animals. It is midsummer, and the creek has almost disappeared. Here and there a few barrels of water are left in a deep hole, and again the bed of the creek is dry for a hundred rods.

The suns of July and August beat down on the great plains with terrible effect. Creeks run dry, rivers sink into insignificance, the grass is killed to its roots, and great cracks open in the baked earth to give convenient shelter to insects and reptiles. Then woe to the man or beast who is far from water. Thirst will craze him in a few hours.

There is water here for the emigrants, such as it is, but the quantity is reduced one-half before the thirsty horses have had their fill. The men look up and down the bed of the creek, but as far as the eye can see in either direction there is no water. Last May this Loup Fork would have floated a ship in its channel, but the mountain snows have melted and no rain has fallen for weeks.

As the campfires are lighted and the dinner cooking, let us look for a moment ten miles. A hundred miles is to the Niobrara River, rising in the mountains far to the west, flowing in the same eccentric manner, and its bed just as dry at this season of the year. Here six days ago a herd of buffalos numbering thousands drank their fill at the Niobrara as they crossed it, working to the south in fear of the Indian buffalo hunters, who were abroad on the Dakota line, and in hopes to find richer pastures along the forks of the Platte.

Here and there as they have progressed water has been found in small quantities, but for thirty hours past not an animal has had a drop. The grass is scorched and dead, the ground hot under their feet, and the almost solid mass, covering acre after acre, and almost quiet at this noonday hour. Here and there one tosses his head in anger as thirst torments him, and others give utterance to their sufferings by long-drawn sighs and moans.

Every animal has a listless look, and you would say that it would require something beyond the ordinary to cause a single one of them to break into a run. The sun glares down like a ball of fire. The stirring of so many feet has filled the air with fine dust, and that is another torment to the situation. The ox or the horse would long ago have fallen to the earth to die.

See! Near the centre of the herd a great bull suddenly throws up his head and snuffs the air. He is a magnificent specimen—one of the kings of the herd. Does his keen scent bring the presence of water over the dozen miles of scorched plain? Is there something to make him afraid? He wheels around and around; he utters hoarse bellows, which excites the animals around him, and in two minutes half the herd is in a state of agitation.

A sudden, wild massive head held low, as to attack, with eyes blazing, with clots of foam flying from the corners of his mouth, with a fierceness of demeanor which clears a path for him, he heads for the west and charges through the herd. He is followed by ten, thirty, a hundred, a thousand, by every animal which can move, and now begins a stampede. A mighty living mass takes up the plain, a body more to be dreaded than a tidal wave sweeping in from the sea. Movement excites new energy, a rivalry to reach the front, a sort of madness which knows no fear or destruction.

The emigrants are at their dinner and their horses are feeding about them, when an alarm is sounded. One of the horses raises his head, looks fixedly to the east, and utters a shrill neigh of anxiety. The men look up. The sky is clear and there are no signs of Indians about. They make light of the warning and sit down, but a moment later half a dozen horses are pulling at their lariats; there is a trembling of the earth, and a man whose face is paler than death leaps up to shout:

"A buffalo stampede! Take to the wagons!"

There is room for all and time for all, but as the men look to the east and see that great living wave, two or three miles long and a mile broad, bearing down upon the plain, they shout in dismay and cry out in despair.

Nearer — nearer — coming straight on—maddened by their thirst and terrified by their own conduct, and there is a chorus of shrieks and shouts—the report of two or three rifles—a series of crashes which blend into one, and the camp has been blotted out. As the great wave itself hurls into the bed of the Loup and beyond, there is no sign of the camp, no sight of the wagons —nothing to tell of the thirty human beings alive and well and full of hope only two minutes before. All have been wiped out —blotted off the face of the earth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

(On the way to Sunday school)—"Mamma, you haven't given me my five cents yet to send to the heathen." "I have just given it to the heathen myself, Tommy. That conductor charged me full fare for you."

PENSIONS. The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.

Geo. E. Blackinton, Rockland.
James Decker, Wilton Notch.
Charles B. Ray, Rockland.
Benj. H. Cushman, Penobscot.
Lucien Heal, Rockport.
Lovered C. Bridgham, Beddington.
N. B. Grant, South Hancock.
John G. Spinney, North Boothbay.
John Marks, Smyrna Mills.
Robert J. Cramp, Pittsfield.
Zenro B. Hall, Harrington.
James Danforth, Norway.
Isaac J. Fields, Rockland.
John G. Dalley, Sherman Mills.
Charles B. Harris, Yarmouthville.
Isaac B. King, Lisbon Falls.
Alonzo Skillings, Windsor.
Edwin B. Wright, Sanford.
George Emmons, Goodwin Mills.
David W. Johnson, National Military Home.
Hiram Pike, Caribou.
Nathan Folsom, Augusta.
Preston Fisher, Foxcroft.
Willard Crocker, Greenfield.
Marshall Emery, Lewiston.
Sumner E. Cushing, Thomaston.
Josiah Roberts, Northfield.
William Graves, Gardiner.
Caleb Emery, Biddeford.
John McCarthy, Togus.
Marshall Wadsworth, South Hiram.
John E. Loog, North Parsonsfield.
Edward F. Morse, Norway.
Hubbard C. Grant, Athens.
Benj. Webber, Cumberland Mills.
Abel A. Hibbard, New Sharon.
Frank M. Adams, Morrill.
John G. Craig, Dixmont Center.
Thomas S. Wyman, Readfield.
Jonn H. Thomas, South Union.
John F. Gilpatrick, Dexter.
William Brown, Rockland.
Joseph Benton, Sullivan.
S. B. Kenneson, Bangor.
Charles C. Berry, Gardiner.
William D. Randall, Farmington.
Francis E. Jones, West Paris.
Andrew M. Garland, Caribou.
George Smith, Biddeford.
Cyrus B. Spaulding, Buckfield.
Daniel C. Frye, Freedom.
Reuben, father of L. F. Dunton, Windsor.

ORIGINAL INVALID.

John H. Collins, deceased, Saco.
Wm. B. Eldridge, Millbridge.
Chas. E. Skillings, Garland.
Navy, Andrew Doyle, alias Andrew S. Shepard, Calais.

INCREASE.

Columbus Macomber, North Jay.
Isaac W. Gooden, Jonesport.
Navy, David Flannigan, Togus.
Andrew J. Clark, Perry.
James R. Reynolds, Ellsworth.
Samuel W. Kimball, Jr., Gardiner.
John O. Bean, Sand Falls.
William Harding, Bath.
George W. Glidden, Fairfield.
Geo. W. Richards, Portland.
Luther J. Gilmore, Eddington.
Amasa L. Cook, Lewiston.
Beniah W. Pratt, New Vineyard.
Robert Thompson, Winterport.
John Smith, Trenton.
Eugene W. James, Lewiston.
Bryce Moore, National Military Home.
Jeremiah, father of Anson Verrill, North Raymond.
John W. Nason, Kittery Depot.
Owen O'Neil, Calais.
Noah E. Gould, Phillips.
William H. Hoxie, Pittsfield.
Alden W. Boynton, South Jefferson.
Horace Jones, Dixmont Center.
James B. Moore, Swanville.
Gilman P. Smith, Barrington.
Wm. H. Fisk, Bowdoinham.
Edwin P. Mayo, Brewer.
Sylvia, widow of James D. Maxfield, Dexter.
Charles, father of Charles H. Granger, Jr., Saco.
Charles T. Gray, Washington.
George E. Currier, Bethel.
Charles L. Jepson, Winterport.
Samuel P. Cousins, South China.
Frederick Maralinus, National Military Home.
Warren A. Poliff, Augusta.
Charles W. Henderson, Foxcroft.

ORIGINAL, WIDOWS, ETC.

John, father of Albion C. Lowell, deceased, Wiscasset.
Abbie, widow of Joseph H. Staples, Rockland.
Lucy A., widow of John A. Skillings, Saco.
Isaac, father of Charles Murch, Groveville.
John, father of Ephraim A. Hanson, Dennysville.

REISUE.

Daniel Flanders, Fairfield.
Martson C. Hanson, Canaan.
Edwin W. Parlin, Weld.
Albert Brown, Kenduskeag.
Alonzo Wyman, Canaan.
Hiram L. Burton, Upper Stillwater.
Wilson D. McIntire, East Corinth.
Henry Parsons, Thorndike.
J. Addison Sproul, Centre Montville.
Gilbert B. Sanborn, Machiasport.
Geo. A. Tobey, South Norridgewock.
William Clement, Swanville.
Samuel W. Holmstead, West Hampden.
Freeland Young, Norway.

REISSUE AND INCREASE.

Silas I. Grant, Ellsworth.
Henry H. Williams, Bowdoinham.
Stephen H. Goodridge, Washburn.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

While they are producing an elixir to make old people younger, it would be a great blessing if they could get up something to make some young people older.

Old Mr. Widower had been sitting silently alone with Miss Autumn for about fifteen minutes. Finally he spoke:

"Miss Autumn, you are pretty—"

"Oh, Mr. Widower!"

"You are sure—"

"How can you, Mr. Widower?"

"I started to say that you are pretty—"

"Oh, you horrid man, stop!"

"Condemn it all, woman!" shouted Mr. Widower, rising and looking for the door, "I wanted to say that you were pretty near as old as I am. Now, demme, I think you are twice as old."

Miss Vere De Vere—Only think, Mr. Tumley, they have a custom in Spain that when one admires anything he or she immediately presents him with it. Mr. Tomley (desperately)—I admire your hand very much, Miss Vere De Vere. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Tumley, but we are not in Spain; we are on Staten Island."

"What are yer doin', you young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy, on finding him standing under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand. "Please, sir, I was only going to put this 'ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."

"I wonder why Providence made fools?" said Blinks. "Well, wisdom would have no value were it not for them," was Jink's sage reply.

Patient—What have I got, doctor? Young Physician—I can't exactly tell whether it is rheumatism or smallpox, but I've been called in to see a man with the smallpox, and when I see what he looks like I'll come back and tell you.

Rev. Mr. Talmage says of Solomon: "He had at his command gold to the value of £680,000,000, and he had silver to the value of £1,029,000,377, yet Solomon was not happy." Well, says an esteemed contemporary, when it is remembered that he had several hundred wives, it doesen't seem surprising that he should have felt low spirited at times. It is extremely doubtful if the exhuberant Mr. Talmage would be happy under similar conditions.

A shopkeeper, to attract trade, offers every purchaser of a pair of rubbers a plush hand bag to keep them in, or it may be used for shopping. They are of little value, but there are people who have such a fancy for getting something for nothing, that they forget they must pay just so much more for the rubbers, or put up with a poorer quality. Some one suggested this to a woman who was making a purchase. She said, "Well, if the rubbers don't wear well I'll try another pair, and then, you see, I'll have another bag."

A DREAM CURE. Jacob C. Zabriskel of St. Louis, six years ago was struck with paralysis. He tells the following story of what is considered a remarkable recovery: "Six weeks ago I went to bed feeling as usual. My left leg was wholly without feeling. During the night I had a peculiar dream, that I had recovered the use of my leg, and I had; for when I awakened, I got up and found I could walk without crutches. I am improving all the time."

The person who goes into the dry goods stores to buy books doesn't find the same learned clerks that he does in a genuine book store. "Have you Arnold's poems?" asked a thin-chested young man in Meldrum's, New York. "Arnold's poems?" answered the girl, rubbing her nose. Mr. Snipley, have we Benedict Arnold's poems?" The thin-chested young man was taken with a chill and had to be sent home.

In a Buffalo Presbyterian church recently, the pastor requested that the people put their contributions for a certain object in an envelope, writing on the outside an appropriate quotation from the Bible. When the collection was taken up the pastor took each envelope and read the texts to the congregation. They were such passages as "Cast thy bread upon the waters," and "The Lord will provide." But there was a decided sensation in the congregation when the pastor picked up an envelope and read, "The fool and his money are soon parted."

A society in Vienna, the object of which is to furnish food for poor people at a nominal cost, has now 10 cooking kitchens in which 10,000 people dine each day. The average cost of a dinner is 8 cents, the menu including soup, meat, with vegetables, bread and sweets; and the cost of a supper is 4 cents.

Young Folks' Column.

A Mouse's Adventure.

Away, over the kingdom of Han-Ki-Pan, ever so many years ago, there dwelt a very aristocratic family of mice.

They were known to be aristocratic because they had such beautiful soft, fine fur, such thin ears, such long whiskers, such bright eyes, such sleek, smooth tails, and sharp teeth and claws.

The houses they lived in were of white rice straw, and the clothing they wore was woven in the same looms as that of the mandarin.

One of this very high-toned family was a young gentleman mouse named Tor-tu. They called him this because he always held his nose so high in the air.

Now, there was nothing under the sun that ever satisfied Tor-tu. His clothing was never fine enough; he found fault with his food, and the weather never suited him. But he criticised his family more than all the rest.

"You live such a humdrum life?" he said. "You stay here year after year in this straw house! You do the same things over and over! I'm very tired of it all, and I mean to go and see what there is beyond this rice-field!"

His father and mother tried to reason with him.

"You grieve us very much, Tor-tu," they said, solemnly. "Do you not know—have you not been taught by all the wise ones in our family, that this rice field is all there is of the world. On this side is the sea, and on the other side the field ends against the sky. You are foolish to waste your strength wandering about."

But Tor-tu would not listen. He dressed himself in his gayest coat of red and blue, and put on his yellow cap with its silken tassel.

Then, selecting his most gorgeous fan, he started out upon his journey to see what the world was like.

He travelled all day long without meeting any one except some common field mice, who wore dusty gray coats. Of course he would not speak to them.

Toward evening he began to grow tired and hungry. He saw some houses now and then; but they are inhabited by the field-mice, and clearly not fit places for such as he.

It would never do for one of the Han-Ki-Pan Four Hundred to nibble cheese with them.

At last, however, he grew so faint and weary that he had almost made up his mind to pocket his pride, at least until he had something to eat, when he saw in the distance a house much larger than the others.

As he came near he observed that it was a very beautiful house. There were wide porches around it and the windows were broad and high.

He saw groups of people about on the verandas and in the yard. They seemed to be very great people; for their clothing was of the most gorgeous coloring, and covered with spangles of what seemed gold and silver.

Tor-tu stopped and looked at himself. His beautiful dress was dusty from his long day's tramp.

A few moments before he had debated whether he could find a place good enough for him; now he wondered if these grand people would think him good enough for them.

He laid aside his usual haughty demeanor and went forward very humbly.

The first person he met was a very queer looking gentleman. His face was covered with something white, on which appeared bright red spots, which Tor-tu thought rather odd; but he concluded that it must be the distinguishing mark of some great family. On his head was a queer pointed hat, and altogether his appearance was very peculiar.

Tor-tu made a low bow, and spoke in a manner which his inferiors were accustomed to use when speaking to him.

"Most wise and reverend sir," he said, "will you condescend to tell me whether is hardly worth to cook your rice, but who is very tired and hungry, to rest awhile in your beautiful house?"

The queer host looked him over with a rather supercilious expression. Then, pushing his hat on one side of his head, and placing his hands on his hips, he suddenly leaped into the air, turned completely over, and landed on his feet again directly in front of the astonished Tor-tu.

"Can you do that?" he asked with a grin. "I'm afraid not," faltered poor Tor-tu, who thought this the most extraordinary behavior he had ever witnessed.

"Oh, well never mind," said the host good-naturedly. "No doubt you can learn. Come in and have something to eat, and I'll introduce you to the ladies."

The house was full of people, and each one seemed more queer than the other, and they behaved so strangely, too. While they were dining, the ladies amused themselves by balancing their chop-sticks on their noses. They seemed quite as much at home standing on their heads with their tails sticking up in the air, or hanging by their heels, as any other way.

Finally Tor-tu ventured to inquire what great personage it was who had condescended to make him his guest, suggesting, timidly, that their manners were new and strange to him, and apologizing for not at once conforming to their style, because he feared he might break his back.

The big host laughed long and hard, and all the others chimed in. The merriment had a startling effect on them. They all sprang up and began to jump over each other's heads, run up long bamboo pools, spin the platters on the end of their chop-sticks, turn somersaults and walk on their hands. One chap rolled out a big painted thing to make some people older, and then jumping upon it, ran on it as it rolled round the room without once falling off.

Suddenly one fellow, who was hanging from a swing by his hind feet, swooped down, seized Tor-tu, and swung him almost up to the ceiling, frightening him almost to death. But he was set down again all right, and when he got his breath he thought he rather liked it.

When the uproar was over, the host said to Tor-tu, "I was so impolite as not to answer your question a few moments ago. We are of the family of Acromice, and our mission on this earth is to amuse the people. We think the world is altogether too stiff and solemn, and we mean to get up a little excitement."

"Why, then, I must be one of you," exclaimed Tor-tu; "for that is exactly what I have thought myself, and it was to find just such people as you that I started on my journey. I fear, however," he continued sadly, "that I am too clumsy and awkward to be ever a successful acromouse."

"Oh, no, you're not," said the big fellow, with a wink at his company. "We'll put you in training; you'll be as active as any of us. I presume," he added, in a cautious way, "that so fine a gentleman as yourself must have some money with you?"

"Oh, yes!" said Tor-tu; "I have brought a bag of gold with me."

"Ah, that is well. We will take care of it for you, and to-morrow you shall have your first lesson," said the other.

It would be too long a story to tell all of Tor-tu's experiences—how he was made the victim of these dishonest jugglers, who had seen from the first what an innocent young fool he was. After getting all his money, they next took away his fine silken robes, and gave him instead, some tawdry stuff, such as Tor-tu would have scorned to wear at home. They made him the butt of numerous cruel pranks, until finally he became very tired of it all, and wished himself at home again.

One morning he got up sore and lame from various tumbles he had had, and wandered away by himself to think over his unhappy lot. He walked further than he intended. While thinking deeply he came upon an old, gray-headed mouse, who looked at him sharply a moment and said: "Are you not Tor-tu, who left Han-Ki-Pan some time ago?"

"Yes," answered Tor-tu, sadly; "I grieve to say I am."

"Then you have not found the world as gay a place as you expected?"

Tor-tu felt so disconsolate and homesick that he sat down and told the old mouse all about it.

When he had finished, the old fellow shook his head, and said very gravely: "My son, you have made the same mistake that hundreds have made before you—that of thinking that shining scales make a fine fish. I know these people. They are not only the commonest of all tribes of mice, but most of them are thieves and tramps. I advise you never to go among them again. Let them keep your money and your clothes at the cost of your experience."

Tor-tu concluded to take the advice of the old m